

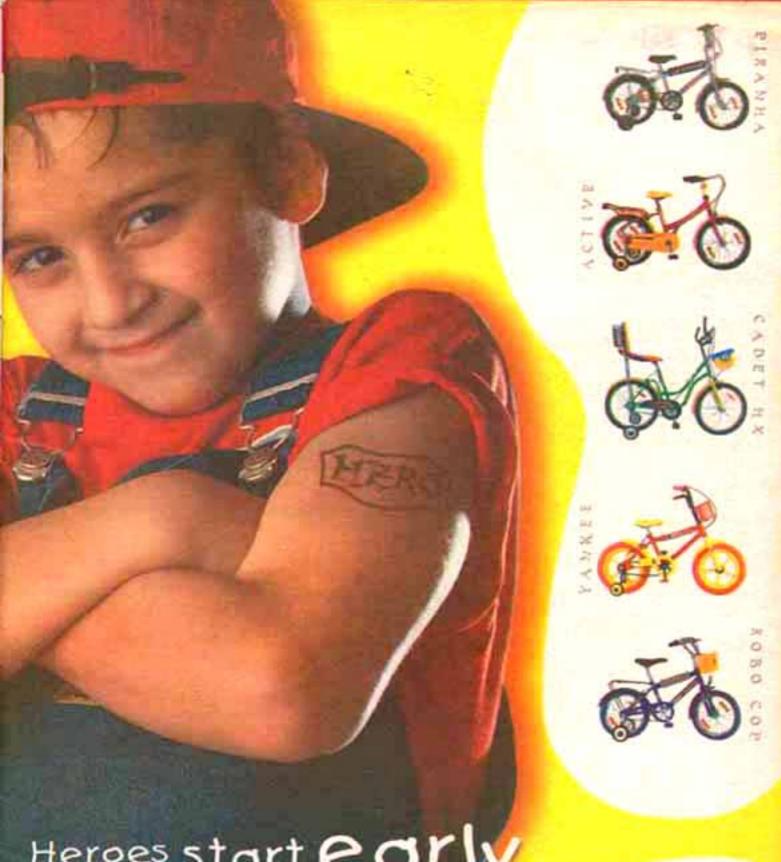
In this issue

NEW FEATURE KALEIDOSCOPE



With chocolatey fun

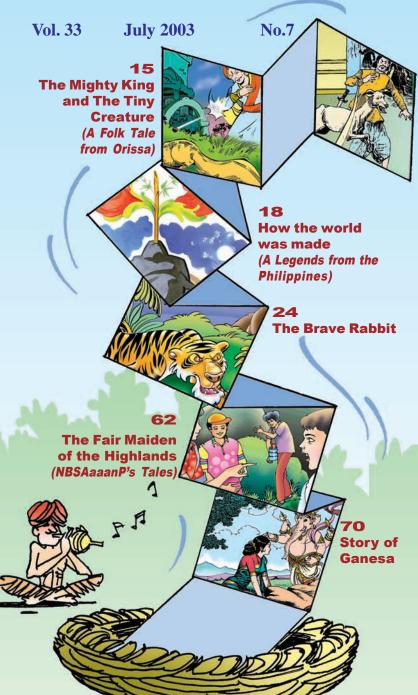




Heroes start early

Ride, race, take a tumble or even take a fall, Because it's never too early to be a hero.





9
The king and
the bandit
(New Tales of King Vikram
and the Vetala)



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The Rathayatra and the Saga of Sri Jagannath

A 16-page pull out

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Remembering the last great idealist

Since independence, India has taken impressive strides in several directions. There is no reason why we should not feel proud of our achievements - but only as long as we do not compare them with the trials and tribulations through which a few other countries had gone and what they had done. Japan began from scratch almost at the same as time India became free. What it has achieved can be described by one word - miracles!

True, India is a vast country. We are not subjected to any sort of regimentation. Either we resolve to develop, make progress, or we lie stuck in inertia and a muddy pool of petty squabbles for power.

We have convinced ourselves that we cannot serve the country unless we are in power. We can serve the country in a hundred ways. To uphold the values of democracy, to fight against corruption, and to lead our collective life in accordance with values and ideals - are probably the most important duty for any Indian today. The last great champion of these causes was Shri Jayaprakash Narayan. He demonstrated that one might not be in power and yet command the respect of the people.

He was born a hundred years ago. Let his birth centenary be an occasion for introspection. India has the capacity to rise above the rot. Jayaprakash proclaimed it. If we listen inward to our hearts, we can still hear the echoes of his voice.

B. Nagi Reddi Editor Viswam Editorial Advisors Ruskin Bond, **Consultant Editor** K.Ramakrishnan

Founded by

Words of Wisdom

Take time



Take time to laugh It is the music of the soul. Take time to think It is the source of power. Take time to play It is the source of perpetual youth. Take time to pray It is the greatest power on earth. Take time to read

It is the fountain of wisdom.

Take time to love and be loved It is a God-given privilege. Take time to be friendly It is the road to happiness. Take time to give It is too short a day to be selfish. Take time to work It is the price of success.

Unknown

Visit us at : http:// www.chandamama.org

Enter the Heroes of India Quiz and win fabulous prizes

of India - 22

Here are some of the literary heroes of our country. Do you know them?



I am a pioneer of Indian writing in English. My novels include Coolie, Untouchable, and Two Leaves and a Bud. Who am I?



I am a Hindi poet. My most famous work was Madhushala and that's a dead giveaway. You know my name, don't you?



I am a revolutionary Tamil poet. Most of my works were on social reforms. My famous works include Kutumbavilakku. Do you know me?



I am a Bengali writer. I wrote Charitraheen and Devdas. What is my name?



I won the Jnanpith Award in 1984 for my novel Kayar. I am also the author of the novel *Chemmeen* which later became a hit movie. Who am I? All right, here is a hint - I am a Keralite.

Prizes brought to you by



Three all correct entries will receive bicycles as prizes.*



10	words	on	Му	favourite	literary	hero	is
of t	hese fiv	e is	your	favourite h	ero and w	hy? Wr	ite
Fill	in the bl	lanks	s nex	t to each qu	estion legil	oly. Whi	ich

Name of participant:
Age:Class:
Address:
Pin:Ph:
Signature of participant:
Signature of parent:

Please tear off this page and mail it to:

Heroes of India Quiz-22

CHANDAMAMA INDIA LIMITED No.82, Defence Officers' Colony Ekkatuthangal, Chennai - 600 097. On/before August 5, 2003.

Instructions

- 1. The contest is open to children in the age group 8-14
- 2. *Three winners will be selected for this contest from entries in all the language editions. Winners will receive bicycles of appropriate size. If there are more than one all correct entries, winners will be selected on the basis of the best description of **My favourite hero**.
- 3. The judges' decision will be final.
- 4. No correspondence will be entertained in this regard.
- 5. The winners will be intimated by post.

BIRTH CENTENARY

A Nation Remembers its Lok Nayak

ayaprakash Narayan, whose birth centenary is being observed in India this year, was born on October 11, 1902 in Sitabdiara village, in Bihar. His father Harsudayal was in government service, and his duties often took him and his wife away from home for days together. The boy, therefore, used to be left with his grandmother. He made friends with animals and birds. When his pet pigeon died, it is said, he was so overcome by grief that he did not eat or drink for a whole day.

Jayaprakash was sent to Patna to study in a school attached to a college. He lived in a hostel, where he joined other inmates in discussing the country's struggle for freedom. While in college, he

attended secret meetings held on the banks of the Ganga. He was imbued with the spirit of patriotism as he listened to the speeches.

He decided to go to the USA for higher studies. As he waited for admission, he worked in vineyards, restaurants, factories, and even slaughter-houses. While experiencing the dignity of labour, he was also carried away by the sufferings of the working class. After studying Chemical

Engineering at California University, he took up Higher Calculus at Iowa, and later went for Social Sciences at Wisconsin under Prof. Edward Ross, who is considered as the Father of Sociology. Jayaprakash returned to India in 1929 "with an idealistic urge to serve society".

Jayaprakash joined the Congress after attending the Lahore session presided over by Jawaharlal Nehru. In 1930, Gandhiji launched the Civil Disobedience movement, asking the people not to pay taxes to the British rulers. Several national leaders including Jayaprakash were taken into custody.

In 1934, he and friends like Ram Monohar Lohia and Asoka Mehta formed a Socialist group within the Congress. Through speeches and writings, Jayaprakash spread the idea of socialism in the country. He envisaged an India where there would be no distinction on the basis of birth, where everybody would be equal, and where the national wealth would be shared by everybody. Jayaprakash soon emerged as a national leader.

After India became independent, the Socialists formed a separate party which, unfortunately, could not make any impact in the first elections held in 1952. However, Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru invited Jayaprakash to join his Cabinet, but he declined. He was now attracted to the Sarvodaya movement launched by one of Gandhiji's close disciples, Vinoba Bhave. In 1954, Jayaprakash gave up his worldly possessions and dedicated his life to

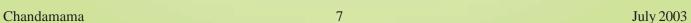
propagating Sarvodaya, the welfare of everybody based on the foundations of freedom and equality.

The India-Pakistan war of 1971 played havoc with the country's economy. There was galloping inflation, acute unemployment, and rampant corruption. Jayaprakash called for a *total revolution*, which envisaged a complete transformation of society, re-establishment of democracy, and formation of a

people's government.

Countrywide protests prompted Prime Minister Indira Gandhi to impose Emergency. All top leaders were arrested. Despite his deteriorating health, Jayaprakash, too, was arrested. After 20 months, Emergency was lifted and elections held, when a non-Congress government came to power at the Centre for the very first time. Jayaprakash once again declined to accept any official position. He was happy that Lok Shakti (people's power) had triumphed. People hailed him a Lok Nayak (leader), though he himself preferred to be called a Lok Sevak (servant of the people). As our editorial says, though he did not wield any political power, he commanded the respect of the people.

Jayaprakash Narayan passed away on October 8, 1979.



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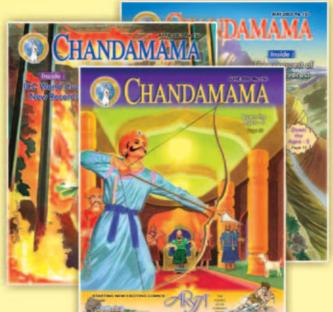
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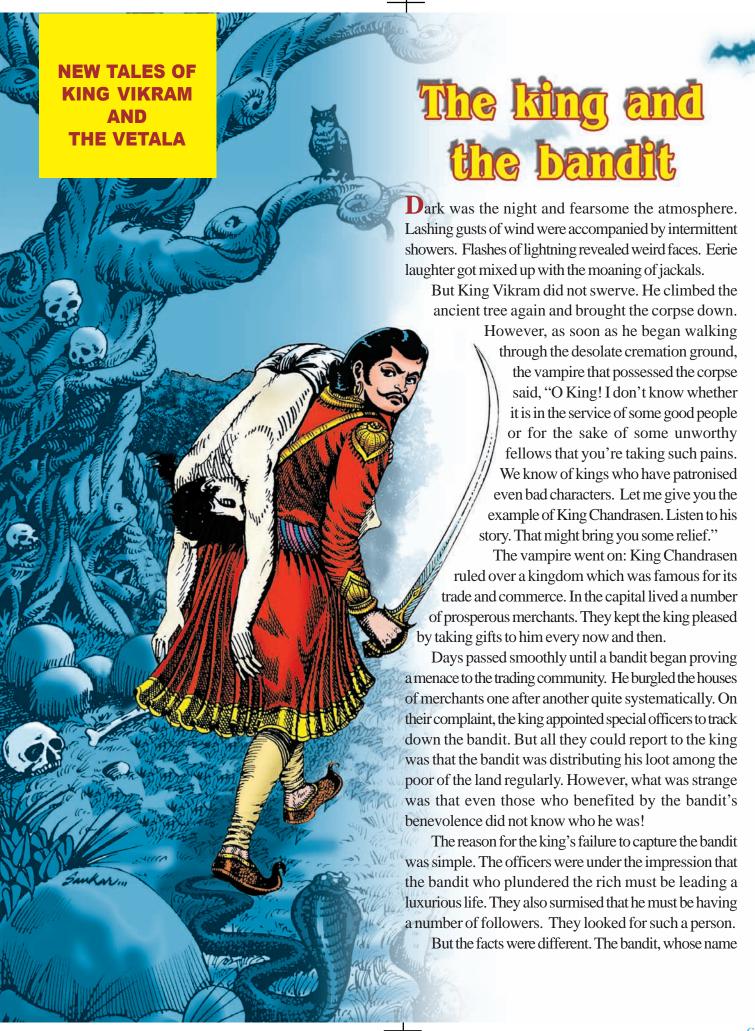
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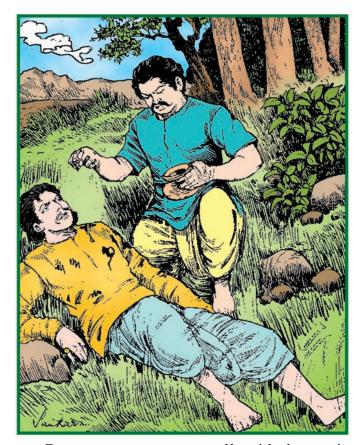
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CHANDAMAMA TAKES YOU CLOSER TO INDIA'S HERITAGE MONTH AFTER MONTH





was Gangaram, was a poor man and he wished to remain poor. He gave away everything to the needy. Secondly, he had no accomplice, he worked alone. There was no second man to know what he did.

One day, the merchants went to the king in a delegation and proposed that a reward be announced for catching the bandit. "Let it be a handsome reward, say, a lakh of rupees, so that his own accomplices might feel tempted to betray him or the common people might be attracted to risk their lives to capture him," they said.

"I can give that much money," said a merchant.

"Well, any of us can give that!" said some others.

The king accepted the suggestion and an announcement was duly made.

Gangaram was one day coming out of a forest when he saw a young man lying wounded just outside the forest. He nursed the traveller who appeared to have been mauled by a leopard. He took him home and made him take rest.

The traveller, Prakash, soon became a friend of Gangaram. He soon observed that Gangaram was going out regularly at night. He expressed his curiosity to his kind host.

It was surprising that Gangaram trusted Prakash entirely. He confessed to his being the bandit, after Prakash had promised that he would keep his knowledge a secret.

Prakash was now in a dilemma. No doubt, he felt grateful towards Gangaram. Had it not been for Gangaram, he might have passed away on the roadside. At the same time, the promise of one lakh rupees as reward was too big a temptation to be resisted.

At last the temptation gained the upper hand.

After Gangaram went out one night, Prakash hurried to the palace and sought an urgent audience with the king. He promised to lure Gangaram right to the gates of the palace the next afternoon.

He was soon back at Gangaram's hut. In the morning, he proposed that both of them visit the town. Gangaram agreed.

They reached the town by noon. They relaxed in a park and shared their lunch. A dog, obviously hungry, loitered around them looking wistfully at their food. Prakash was about to throw a stone at it. But Gangaram stopped him and gave it a piece of bread.

Thereafter, Prakash led Gangaram towards the palace. The dog followed them. On the balcony stood the king himself. Near the gate were some guards. Prakash expected them to pounce upon Gangaram. But minutes passed. Gangaram coolly began moving away. Prakash shouted, "Your majesty, this is the bandit! Why don't you capture him?"

Gangaram realised his guest's treachery. His hand went to pull out his sword. But Prakash was quicker. He pulled out a dagger and threw it at Gangaram. Gangaram might have been hit, but the dog which had been fed by him jumped up and the dagger hit the dog instead, and was killed.

By then Gangaram had his sword ready. He drove his sword deep into Prakash, shouting, "You nasty fellow! This dog gave its life for me because I gave it a piece of bread. But I had saved your life and this is what you nourished in your mind."

Prakash fell dead. Instantly the king gave the signal for his guards to capture Gangaram.

The king spent a long time with Gangaram in his

chamber. He then called all the leading merchants. Presenting Gangaram to them, he said, "This gentleman was working as my representative. So far as the bandit's menace is concerned, we both have succeeded in putting an end to it. Each one of you were ready to give a lakh of rupees. Now I want you to give a lakh each to this representative of mine."

The vampire paused and then demanded, "O King, what is the significance of the king not punishing the bandit and instead introducing him as his representative? Why didn't he

disclose to the merchants Gangaram's identity as the bandit? Why did he ask the merchants to pay him a lakh of rupees each? How is it that the king did not order his guards to capture Gangaram as soon as he appeared in front of the palace? Answer my questions, O King, if you can. If you keep silent though you may know the answers, your head would roll off your shoulders!"

Answered King Vikram forthwith: "The king already knew that Gangaram was no ordinary bandit, for, he was distributing his loot among the poor. In course of his private discussions with him, he must have felt convinced



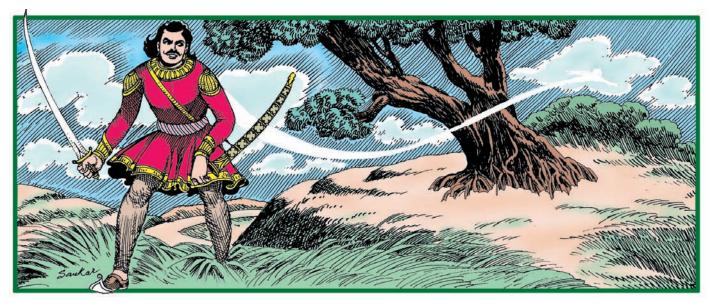
that by taking care of the poor, Gangaram was doing what the king himself ought to have done. That is why he described Gangaram as his representative. He did not disclose Gangaram's identity as a bandit because that was not Gangaram was not a real bandit. Gangaram was a friend of the poor. Secondly, the king must have decided to use Gangaram's services as his minister. It would be awkward to present him first as a bandit and then to appoint him a minister.

"He wanted the merchants to pay a lakh of rupees each because they were willing to spend that

much if someone had put an end to the menace. Secondly, he wanted Gangaram to use the money for the needy.

"The king did not order his guards to pounce on Gangaram because he wanted to make sure what the relation between he and Prakash was. Gangaram, of course, could not have escaped. The guards had already surrounded him. The delay also served a purpose. The treacherous Prakash got his due!"

No sooner had King Vikram finished replying than the vampire, along with corpse, gave him the slip. The king drew his sword and went after it.



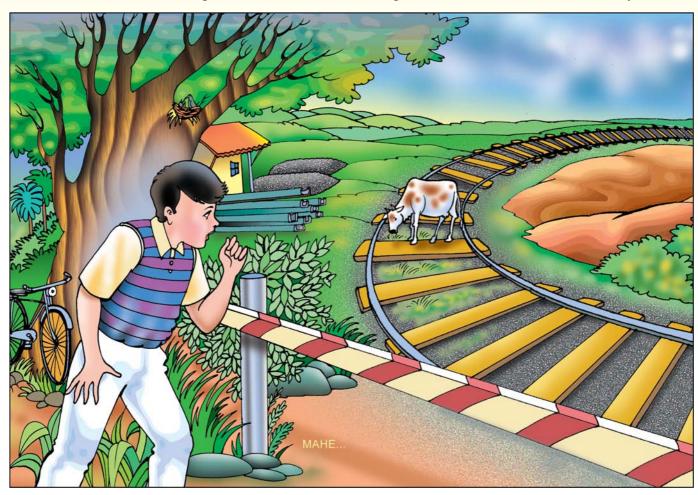
The Saviour

Rajinder Singh applied the brakes of his bicycle as it neared the point beyond which the road from the village took a turn. The bicycle screeched to a stop. He tilted it to the right, planted his right foot on the ground and craned his neck as far back as he could. His eyes locked in with his mother's eyes. She was still at the door of their house. He waved to her. She waved back.

'How loving she is!' he mused. 'She always sees that I'm ready in time for school. In fact, I've more time than I need to reach the school. That gives me some time to enjoy nature's gifts. I get off the cycle, run wild on the green grass in the meadow. The grass under my feet gives an extra bounce to my feet. Birds sing for me. Crickets and grasshoppers turn into fiddlers in the grass. Wild flowers on either side of the footpath dance to their tune. Often the train rushes along the track. Sometimes

the engine whistles as the train runs past. So many things to hear and see! So many things to enjoy!' Rajinder cycled along the narrow path that led from village Thakurpur in Kathua District of Jammu to his school.

It was a cold February morning. Rajinder was wrapped up in woollens. He pedalled on till he neared the railway line. He had some time to spare. He could spend time here, enjoying the company of nature, and yet reach school in time. He got off the cycle, left it leaning against a tree and ran up the gravel which formed a mount that supported the railway track. He saw the telegraph posts that stood on one side of the track. They reminded him of guards, maintaining an eternal vigil. On a spur of the moment, he picked up a stone and aimed it at a telegraph post some distance away. The stone whirred through the air and hit the mark. Immediately waves of



metallic notes filled the air. The notes ran in waves, each wave less noisy than the previous one till, at last, the sound waves faded and silence regained its hold.

'That was a perfect hit.' Rajinder clapped his hands in delight, and raced up the slope. His eyes opened wide when he saw the track. 'They are parallel lines,' he told himself. 'They never meet. Stretch them for as long as you like, and still they won't meet. They always remain so near, yet so far.'

His thoughts were broken by the sight of a cow, grazing on the grass that grew between the wooden sleepers. The cow was at some distance. Rajinder remembered that a train was due soon. It could run over the cow. That fear gave wings to his steps. He started to run. His feet hardly touched the ground. He ran like one possessed, straight along the track, stepping on the railway sleepers. He jumped from sleeper to sleeper. He waved his hands and shouted. But the cow did not budge. It was blissfully nibbling at the blades of grass. So Rajinder picked up a stone and sent it hurtling. The missile landed on the rail, close to where the cow was grazing. The loud clang gave the cow a fright. It lifted its head, cocked its ears, and then bounced off the track, running down the slope, off to the safety of the grounds beyond.

That cheered Rajinder.

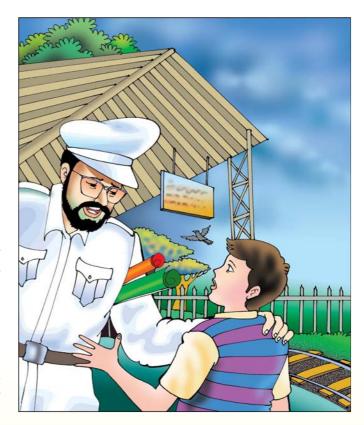
Whistling a merry tune, he started walking back to where he had left his cycle. Then his eyes fell on the rails. He followed it as far as he could. A nameless fear gripped him when his eyes fell on a breach in the track. Was he imagining things? He shook his head firmly, from side to side, before he checked again. It became clear to him. He had not been daydreaming. The track had a breach. He went closer, came down on his knees to take a closer look. The breach was right there in front of his eyes.

He sensed that the track was unsafe for trains. It could cause derailment. That would mean a loss of life and property.

Probably he alone knew about the breach. And he alone could avoid a major mishap.

Were the railway officials aware of the breach? 'Highly unlikely,' he mumbled to himself.

He stood up, the mailed fist of his right hand supporting his chin, wondering what he should do. A mild



wind caressed the thick black hair on his head. His eyes, set fairly wide apart, wore a worried look. He took just a couple of minutes to decide the next course of action. 'I must warn the officials at Chak Dayala,' he mumbled to himself. That was the nearest railway station.

He noted down the number on the telegraph post closest to the breach. That information would help the officials to fix the exact spot where the breach was and thus get down to work quickly.

He ran down the slope till he reached the spot where he had left his cycle behind. He caught hold of it, and got on to it.

Next moment, Rajinder was pedalling away like mad. The cycle rolled off, with Rajinder working the pedals with frenzy. He cut down the air resistance by bending forward. His body now lay almost parallel to the crossbar. He pedalled faster than he had ever done in all his life. He was bathed in sweat. His breath became laboured. His muscles craved for rest. He began to tire. But he refused to give up. He kept cycling, till he reached the station. He applied the brakes, got off, left the cycle resting against a wall and raced into the presence of the Station Master.

That official was on the platform. He was carrying out the routine check.

"Sir," Rajinder called out to him, his words coming out between pants for breath.

"Yes?" the official did not even turn to look at him.

"Sir, the track, a couple of kilometres to the north, is breached. It is close to the telegraph post with number...," he took a second's break before rolling out the number. He felt happy because by now he had regained his breath and his words now came out more clearly.

"This is no time to tell tall tales," the official scowled.

"But this is no tale, Sir. This is real. And if you don't stop trains running along that section of the track, there will be a major accident!" Rajinder tried to convince the official.

"If that is not true, I'll flay you alive!" the official growled.

"I accept that, Sir," Rajinder replied. The Station Master ran to the cabin. He sent one of his men to run to the location, identified by Rajinder, and to check the track. "I've done my duty, Sir. Now, it is time for me to hurry to school," Rajinder turned back.

"No, you stay here till I know for certain that you told the truth," the official growled.

"I'm already late for school," Rajinder groaned.

"Forget school for a day. Nothing will happen," the official made him stay back. He informed his seniors on phone. All trains across the breached section were held back at the stations connected by the track with the reported breach.

Almost an hour passed. The man who had been sent to check returned. His face was an ashy pale. He ran in saying, "It's true, Sir. The track has a breach!"

"I don't know how to thank you, my boy. You've prevented a major accident. You've saved the lives of hundreds of passengers," the official hugged Rajinder, with a big smile.

This incident took place on February 5, 1982, and in January 1984, Rajinder received the National Award for Bravery.

- R.K. Murthi

The true voyage

Once there lived many creatures along the bottom of a crystal river. Each creature clung tightly to the twigs and rocks of the river bottom, for clinging was their way of life.

But one creature said at last, "I think the current knows where it is going. I shall let it take me where it will."

The other creatures laughed and said, "Fool!

If you let go, the current that you worship will throw you. You will get smashed across the rocks, and you will die quicker than boredom!"

But he did not listen to them. He took a breath and let hold of the twig, and at once was tumbled and smashed by the current across the rocks. Yet, in time, as the creature refused to cling again, the current lifted him free from the bottom, and he was bruised and hurt no more.

And the creatures downstream, to whom he was a stranger, cried, "See, a miracle! A creature like us, yet he flies! See the Messiah has come to save us all!" And the one carried in the current said, "I'm no more a Messiah than you. The river delights in lifting us free, if only we dare let go. Our true work is this voyage, this adventure."

But they held on to their rocks and cried, "Saviour!," making legends of a Saviour.





In days gone by the modern State of Orissa was known as Utkal. Earlier, it was famous as Kalinga, once an empire ruled by great monarchs. Orissa is a land of temples. There are thousands of them spread over the land, many of them in ruins, though marvellous for their sculptures.

More than a thousand years ago the people of this land not only traded with the Indonesian islands and Malaya, but also established their own rule in that region. The Sailendras who built an empire with Sumatra for its base were from Orissa.

For many years during the British rule Orissa was clubbed with Bihar. Then, in 1936, it became a separate state. Today its population is about to touch four crore, in an area of 1,55,707 Km. To the north of the state is Bihar; West Bengal borders it on the north-east. Beyond its south-eastern frontier lies Andhra Pradesh; Madhya Pradesh is on its west and its eastern shore is washed by the Bay of Bengal.

Bhubaneswar, its capital, is a very ancient city, with some of the most magnificent temples in the country.

The three big rivers of the state are the Mahanadi, Brahmani and Baitarani, all flowing into the Bay of Bengal. Chilika, India's largest fresh water lake, is in Orissa.

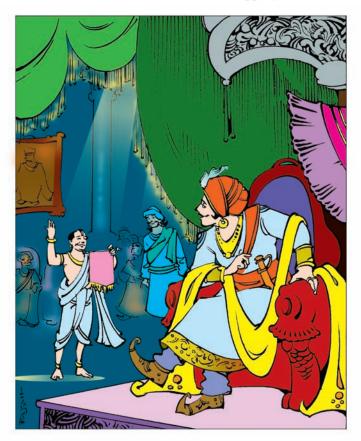
The Mighty King and The Tiny Creature

The young king, who ruled over a state within the Kalinga empire, loved to hear his own praise. Needless to say, there was no dearth of people who would please him with their sweet words.

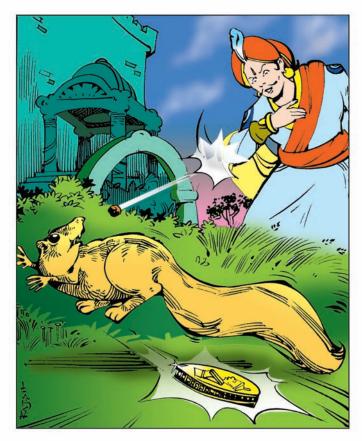
One day, as the king arrived in his court, a poet recited a verse, listing his great qualities. The last stanza of the verse said there was nobody in the world who could boast before the king of anything. How could one? There was no man who was more handsome than the king, no man who was more charitable than the king, no man who was more powerful or wealthier than the king!

Though this was nothing but exaggeration, the courtiers applauded the poet, with some of them exclaiming, "Wah, wah, how true, how true!"

But the as soon as the shouts and clapping died down,



July 2003 15 Chandamama



someone gave out a loud guffaw. He was none other than the old minister.

"What's the matter?" several voices asked him.

"Nothing much. But I could not check my laughter because it is impossible for anybody, even for the king, to stop somebody from boasting over any silly matter. A monkey can boast of its tail; a vulture can boast of its beak; what can you do to stop that?" explained the minister.

Neither the king nor the courtiers could prove him wrong. But the king surely did not relish the words spoken by the minister.

It so happened that while the king was enjoying a stroll in his garden, a squirrel suddenly appeared before him. It had found a small coin somewhere. Holding it in its forelegs, it said:

So much have I; how much has the king? How sad he looks! He has nothing!

The king got annoyed. He picked up a pebble and hurled it at the squirrel. The tiny creature slipped away, but in its hurry left the coin behind. The king picked it up and laughed.

Those were the days when the *Sadhavas* of Kalinga went out on lengthy voyages to *Suvarna Dvipa*, for trade. The young king went to the bank of the river Mahanadi to bid farewell to a *Boit* that was setting sail for Sumatra. The king handed over to the noble merchant, who owned the ship, the gift of a *Tarakasi* item for the King of Sumatra. While they were talking, the squirrel suddenly appeared on the deck and said in a mocking voice,

Looting my treasure,

The king shows such gesture!

The king felt greatly offended, but he could not show



Arts & Crafts

Odissi, one of the classical dances of India, originated in the temples of Orissa. Orissa is famous for its exquisite handicrafts. The most popular among them is the filigree. Cigar and jewellery boxes, baskets, curio times, and decorative trays with beautiful and intricate designs are made in silver.



Pattachitra is a folk painting that is an ancient and unique craft of Orissa. Pictures of animals, flowers and gods are painted on a specially prepared surface.

The appliqué work made in Pipli is another famous attraction of the state. Colourful fabrics are cut in the shapes of flowers, birds, and animals and are artistically stitched on a cloth.

Nearby is Mount Dhauli, site of the famous Kalinga War in the 3rd century B.C. when Ashoka, the king of Magadha, invaded the land. The bloody war changed his heart. From Chandashoka or Ashoka the Terrible, he became Dharmashoke, Ashoka the Pious. He took to Buddhism and spread the faith all over India and beyond.

The greater part of Orissa is hilly – the home of several tribes. Agriculture is the preoccupation of the majority of the people, though some major industries have been established too.

his reaction in front of so many people who had gathered there. He kept quiet, grinding his teeth.

The squirrel repeated the verse again in the evening when the king was talking to a foreign emissary. The king was very upset. He could not get a wink of sleep at night. In the morning he told his minister, "How wise you were! I can't stop even a squirrel from showing his pride before me! What then to speak of human beings?"

"You're right, my lord. Everybody thinks and acts with his or her ego. The really lucky people are those – and they are few – who have enough common sense to understand this, those who are not servile to their own ego," said the minister.

"But what should I do now? It is so embarrassing that the squirrel should go on declaring me as a thief in front of everybody!" said the king with some anguish.

'Since you're good enough to ask me, I would advise you to return the coin to the squirrel," said the minister.

The moment the squirrel appeared before the king the next time, the king hurled the coin at it and walked away. The squirrel picked it up and scampered off.

The king felt relieved. But the matter did not end there. Next day, the squirrel jumped onto an empty seat in the court and screamed out,

The terrified king, Surrendered my thing!

The creature hopped down and escaped into the garden before anybody could harm it.

The king looked grave. He was sure that the squirrel would recite the same offensive words again and again. He would have no peace.

"My lord," said the minister after the court was over, and when he was alone with the king, "Just laugh at the creature; tell it that indeed you were afraid of it - and see what happens."

Glossary

Sadhavas: Merchants who dared into

distant lands.

Suvarna Dvipa: The Indonesian islands like

Bali, Sumatra, Java and Borneo as well as the Malaya

kingdoms.

Boit: A typical ship, spacious yet

light.

Tarakasi: Silver items with highly

intricate and beautiful designs

on silver.

As soon as the squirrel appeared in the court the next day, the king spoke out,

O squirrel mighty,

You must take pity,

Upon this king who's humble

While you're so great and noble!

The squirrel did not expect this. It kept silent for a moment, then danced in joy and ran away into the garden. Never again did it appear before the king.

"My lord, most human beings are no different. They

interpret everything in the world in the dim light of their own puny understanding and knowledge. If we can calmly bear with them, we can be spared much anguish and suffering," the minister told the king.

"Right. Indeed, how foolish I was to think that nobody can boast before me of anything!' I should be humble myself," said the king,

thanking his old good minister.



(From the oral tradition of Orissa, adapted from a narration by Manoj Das)

- A Legend from the Philippines



HOW THE WORLD WAS MADE

housands of years ago there was no land nor sun, moon nor stars, and the world was only a great sea of water, above which the sky stretched.

God Maguayan ruled over the sea, while God Captan ruled the sky. Maguayan had a daughter called Lidagat, the sea, and Captan had a son known as Lihangin, the wind.

"Why don't we make Lidagat our daughter-in-law?" suggested God Captan to Lihangin. God Maguayan welcomed the idea. The gods agreed to the marriage of their children. So the sea became the bride of the wind.

Three sons and a daughter were born to them. The sons were called Licalibutan, Liadlao, and Libulan; and the daughter was named Lisuga.

Licalibutan had a body of rock and was strong and brave. Liadlao was formed of gold and was always happy; Libulan was made of copper and was weak and timid; and the beautiful Lisuga had a body of pure silver and was sweet and gentle. Their parents were very fond of them. They were very happy and led a contented life.

After sometime Lihangin died and left the control of the winds to his eldest son Licalibutan. Lidagat also died. The children, now grown up, were left without a father or mother. However, their grandfathers, Captan and Maguayan, took care of them and guarded them from all evil.

After a time, Licalibutan, proud of his power over the winds, resolved to gain more power. "I control the winds. But that is not enough. I need to gain more power. Let me attack Captan and become the master of the sky too," thought Licalibutan.

He asked his brothers to join him in an attack on Captan in the sky above. At first they refused. They said, "We *are* powerful. And we've no problems, so, why should we go and attack grandpa?"

When Licalibutan became angry with them, the amiable Liadlao, not wishing to offend his brother, agreed to help. Then together they induced the timid Libulan to join in the plan.

When all was ready, the three brothers rushed at the sky. The entrance was guarded by gates of steel. They could not beat it down

"We should not lose hope. Wait, I'll come up with something to open the gates," said Licalibutan. He let loose the strongest of winds. It blew the bars in every direction. The brothers happily rushed into the opening. But, soon they were met by the angry God Captan. He looked so terrible that they turned away and ran in fear. Captan was furious at them for



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destroying his gates. He sent three bolts of lightning after them.

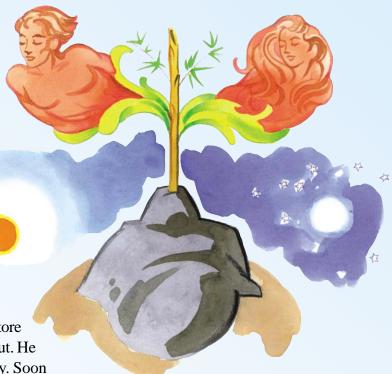
The first struck the copper Libulan and melted him into a ball. The second struck the golden Liadlao, and he too was melted. The third bolt struck Licalibutan, and his rocky body broke into many pieces and fell into the sea. He was so huge that parts of his body stuck out above the water and became what is known as land.

In the meantime, the gentle Lisuga missed her brothers and started to look for them. She went toward the sky, but as she approached the broken gates, Captan, blind with anger, struck her too with lightning, and her silver body broke into thousands of pieces.

Captan then came down from the sky and tore the sea apart, calling on Maguayan to come out. He accused him of ordering the attack on the sky. Soon Maguayan appeared and stated that he knew nothing of the plot, as he had been asleep far down in the sea.

After some time he succeeded in calming the angry Captan. Together they wept at the loss of their grandchildren, especially the gentle and beautiful Lisuga. But they could not restore the dead to life with all their power. However, they gave to each body a beautiful light that would shine forever.

And so it was that golden Liadlao became the sun, and copper Libulan the moon, while the thousands of pieces of silver Lisuga shine as the stars of heaven. To



wicked Licalibutan the gods gave no light, but resolved to make his body support a new race of people. So Captan gave Maguayan a seed, and he planted it on the land, which, as you will remember, was part of Licalibutan's huge body.

Soon a bamboo tree grew up, and from the hollow of one of its branches a man and a woman came out. The man's name was Sicalac, and the woman was called Sicabay. They were the parents of the human race. And so began the human race on earth, with a sun, moon, and the stars.

- Retold by Vidhya Raj

That's science for you

As early as 3000 B.C., Egyptians used the plough and yoked animals to it to raise crops in their fields. They had a well established irrigation system, which channelised the annual floodwaters of the river Nile into their fields. Very often, they raised as much as three crops in a year. Ancient picture scrolls showing Egyptians using the plough and the sickle have been discovered. Who could have first thought of yoking animals to the plough and using them for agriculture?



The Prodigal Prince

Tittan was one of the prominent Chola kings who ruled from Uraiyur. He had a son called Perunarkilli and a daughter named Aiyai.

Perunarkilli grew up to be a handsome prince, earning special affection of his mother. But the king was disappointed in him because Perunarkilli spent most of his time outdoors. The king complained about him to the

queen, who would pacify him, saying that being the prince, Perunarkilli, was certainly aware of his responsibilities and would shape well when the time came for him to succeed his father on the throne.

The king did not argue with the queen any further, and only wondered how he could reform his son.

One day, the ruler of the neighbouring Pandya kingdom was calling on Tittan and he very much wanted his son to be present on the occasion. On enquiry, the king was told that the young man had, as usual, gone out of the palace with his friends. Later,

when Perunarkilli came back, his father gave vent to his anger and there was a big argument between the two. The king ordered Perunarkilli not to stir out of the palace for the next thirty days as he was expecting a marriage proposal from the Pandya king. Perunarkilli did not obey the King's command. After dusk, he slipped out of the

the King's command. After dusk, he slipped out of the palace alone and was not seen for several days.

Perunarkilli wandered from village to village and ultimately landed up in Amur, in Thondai Nadu where, luckily, nobody recognised him. That village had been made famous by a wrestler called Amur Mallan. He had given a standing challenge that anybody could have a bout with him. Perunarkilli was adept at wrestling. He went up

to Mallan's house and shouted: "Hey Mallan! I'm ready to fight you at the public square tomorrow!"

Mallan retorted: "I'll have one or two lessons for you which you'll remember all through your life!"

Some of the villagers tried to dissuade the young man from taking on Mallan. They were surprised when they found him determined.

The wrestling began in right earnest. Each of the wrestlers took cautious steps, trying to ascertain the weakness of the opponent.

Then they grappled each other. Mallan

managed to reach his rival's neck, but
Perunarkilli anticipated his tactic and
foiled it. In a flash he toppled Mallan
who caught hold of his opponent's leg.
One kick by the same leg and
Perunarkilli freed himself. Mallan was
surprised that the young man could
anticipate every move of his. The bout

wrestlers were now breathing hard and getting tired. Perunarkilli watched for a moment's inattention on the part of

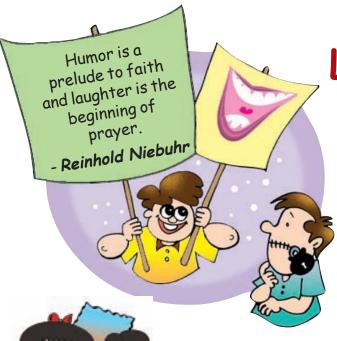
went on for nearly an hour and both

Mallan, and in the next second he was lying flat in front of the young challenger.

A loud cheer rose from the crowd. Perunarkilli was raised on to the shoulders of two strong villagers and they paraded him around the village. It was then that he revealed his identity. Prince Perunarkilli of Uraiyur!

News soon reached King Tittan, but he was not excited. His wife pleaded with him to forgive the prince, and he relented. Tittan understood her feelings, and secretly arranged for two soldiers to go and meet Perunarkilli and persuade him to return to Uraiyur. The entire kingdom rejoiced when the prodigal prince came back. Tittan now looked at him with pride.

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Laugh till you drop!

Arun: What is the best thing to put into a pie?

Dilip: Your teeth.







Shyam: Doctor! I keep seeing double! Doctor: Okay. Go lie down on that couch! Shyam: Which one,

doctor?

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with three letters. Mini: NRG (energy).

Sonu: Spell electricity

യമായു

Vinay: How can you double your money?

Deepak: Look at it in a

mirror.

Police: We are looking for a man with a hearing aid.

Friend: Wouldn't a pair of glasses be more

useful?



Dushtu Dattu

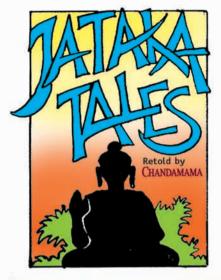


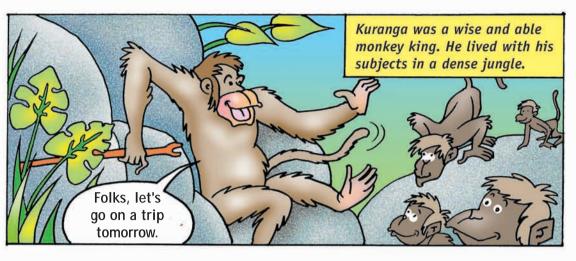


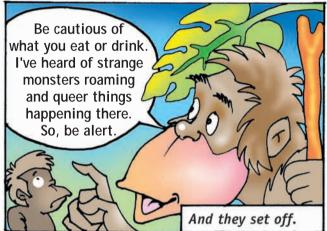


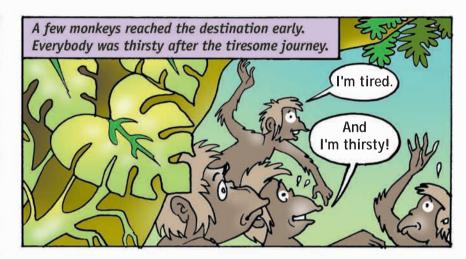
Jataka Tales

Outwitted ogre



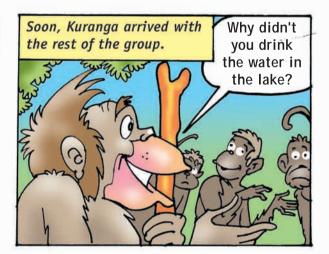




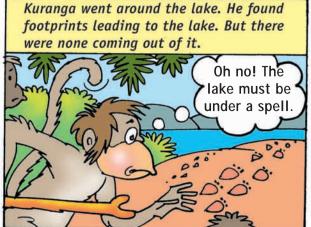








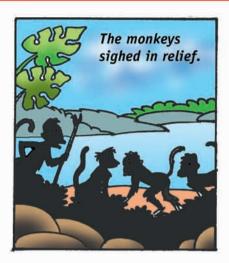


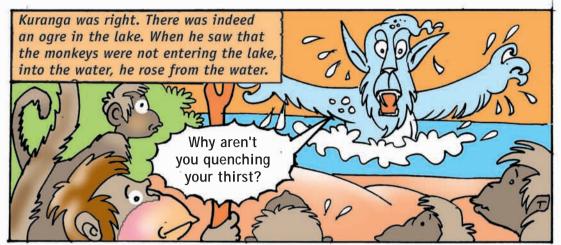




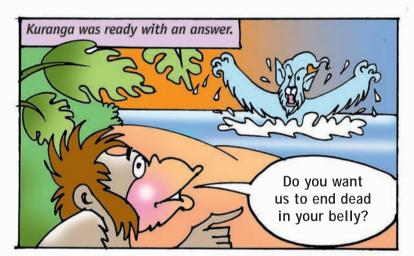
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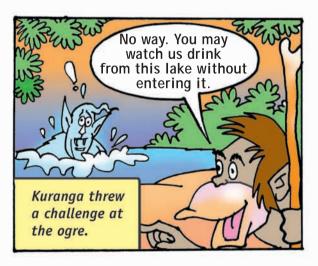




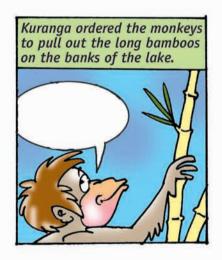
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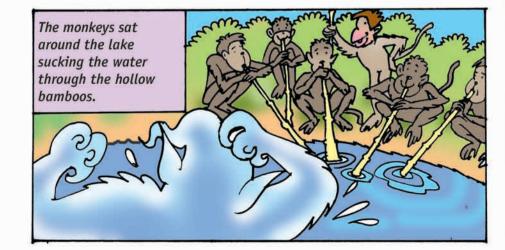


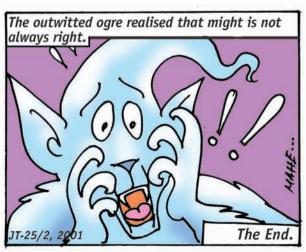












The brave rabbit

ey long-ears, why are you running away from me? You cannot escape from me like that always."

"Just wait and see. One day, I might be chasing you."

This was a regular dialogue between Rinku Rabbit and Tigra Tiger. They both lived in Jungledesh.

Tigra was always in the habit of harassing Rinku wherever he went. He chased him whenever Rinku went out to find some food. This had been going on for months.

One day, while Rinku was out searching for some food, as usual, Tigra came from behind. He was ready to pounce on him when Rinku, with the help of his sharp ears, heard Tigra approaching and moved away.

Rinku was vexed and agitated in not being able to move freely in Jungledesh. So, the next time they came face to face, Rinku told Tigra point blank, "I may look small and humble compared to you. But I will teach you the lesson of your life, and make you run away from Jungledesh!"

However, Tigra laughed it away. "You teaching me a lesson? All the best!"

Rinku started to think hard to find a way to take revenge on Tigra. He was always on the look out for a plan to get even with Tigra.

He did not have to wait for long. One day, as he was passing through the forest, Rinku found a shining coin. An idea suddenly struck him. He went to the nearby village and searched for the blacksmith.

He requested the blacksmith to make him a steel dress with nails jutting out of it. "It must fit my body perfectly," he said.

The blacksmith, though initially surprised, decided to take up the job after Rinku promised to pay him. The blacksmith asked him to come back in two days.

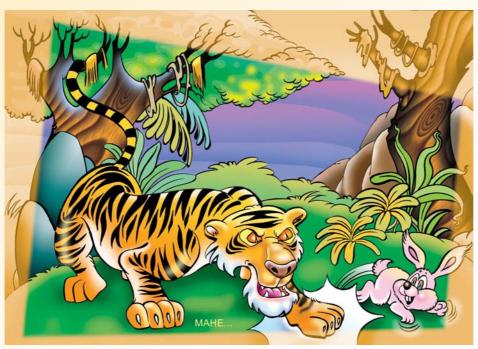
Rinku met the blacksmith two days later. He was satisfied with the steel dress the blacksmith had made. Rinku paid him the coin and left happily for Jungledesh. It was time to execute the second part of his plan.

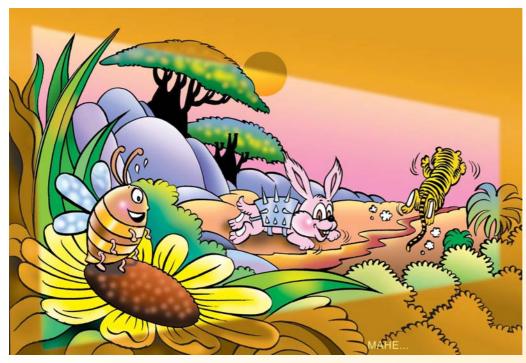
From the next day onwards, Rinku wore the iron dress every time he left his burrow. He was now ready to face Tigra. He eagerly awaited a chance to meet Tigra. The opportunity came in the same week. As usual, Tigra

threatened to pounce on Rinku and goaded him, "Remember, you puny thing? You had challenged to chase me out of this forest. Leave the place before I change my mind and eat you."

Rinku defied him and stood where he was. Tigra was surprised by Rinku's attitude. Tigra had no option but to pounce. He jumped on Rinku and caught hold of him in his mouth. But the nails on Rinku's dress pricked Tigra and he was forced to let go off Rinku. Rinku jumped out and ran away.

Tigra, however, gave a chase and caught Rinku again. Rinku now





clung to Tigra's feet. Tigra was furious. All his attempts to shake Rinku off failed. He decided to kill Rinku. Tigra caught Rinku and threw him on the floor. He sat on the ground in order to crush Rinku to death with his weight.

But before Tigra could succeed, Rinku tore Tigra's stomach with the nails on his dress. The surprised Tigra sensed danger and took to his heels to save his life.

It was now the turn of Rinku to chase Tigra. Rinku would not give up his chase. He went after Tigra and chased him around the forest in circles. What a lovely sight it was to see a rabbit chasing a tiger!

More than the fear for his life, Tigra was afraid, the other animals might witness the chase. He would surely lose prestige and the other animals would fear him no longer.

A bee was curiously watching Rinku chasing Tigra. Tigra threatened her: "Keep this a secret. If you tell anybody about this, I'll kill you!"

The terror-stricken bee had no other option but to keep her mouth shut. However, she could not keep the secret for long. She told the other bees at the hive all about Rinku chasing Tigra.

After a few days, Bondu Bear drank the honey made from the beehive. Suddenly he heard a voice, "Did you know that the mighty Tigra is afraid of our Rinku? I saw Rinku chasing Tigra!"

Listening to this, Bondu became frightened. He thought that something strange was happening to him and ran to Moti, the elephant-doctor of Jungledesh. Moti was also surprised to listen to the voice.

By now, everyone in Jungledesh knew that Bondu had acquired a new power and was telling things as if he had seen it himself. All the animals came to meet and him and listen to the

voice. Tigra also heard of it. The animals were no longer afraid of him. Tigra was left no option but to leave the forest.

The animals then lived in peace. As for Bondu, he lost his magical powers as soon as the honey was digested. Only Rinku knew the whole story.

A day did not go by in Jungledesh when the animals flocked to Rinku to request him to tell them the whole story!

- Vidhya Raj

Wild at heart



Do you see elephants in temples? And have you heard of elephants logging wood or taking children for joy rides? Well this can happen only in Asia. Want to know why? That is because only the Asian elephant can be domesticated and trained, and not the African elephant!

LEGENDS OF INDIA - 15

The smart pilgrim

Sadhu Baba, an ascetic mendicant, used to spend a day or two in village Shyampur on his way to different destinations. He was a perpetual traveller. But, needless to say, he visited only holy places. He carried practically nothing with him, except a second set of clothes and a metal pot, all packed into a sling bag. Generally people would feed wandering pilgrims. But Sadhu Baba was also offered money by his admirers with which he could buy food, if necessary.

If Sadhu Baba happened to visit a place of pilgrimage that was not very far, often two or three villagers would give him company. Wasn't it a privilege to visit a holy place in the company of a man like Sadhu Baba? they thought.

Sadhu Baba made them forget the strain of walking long distances by telling them interesting stories. At most of the places, Sadhu Baba had friends or well wishers. They offered him and his companions sumptuous meals and arranged for their comfortable stay.

Laloo Seth was the richest man in Shyampur. He was a moneylender as well as a trader. That he was also the biggest miser in the area and very greedy, is a different matter. Once, after a short stay at Shyampur when Sadhu Baba set out for Puri, the seat of Lord Jagannath, Laloo Seth proposed to accompany him, as did two other

villagers. The Baba told Laloo, "You're not yet old. What's the hurry in going on a pilgrimage?"

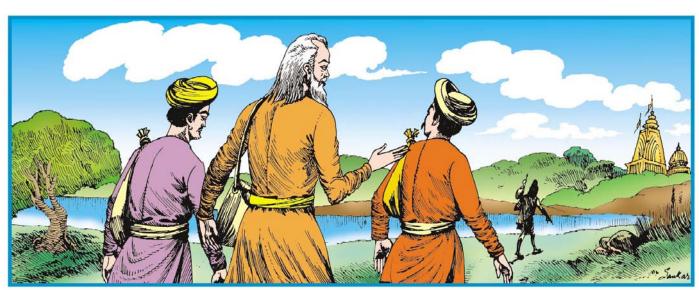
"But, Baba, you're growing old! Unless I go with you now, I might not get the benefit of your company at all!" answered Laloo Seth.

Sadhu Baba had a deep insight into the minds of men. He understood that while Laloo was eager to earn some piety through pilgrimage, he was also keen about free food and accommodation during the travels. He was also an influential man. The other villagers would carry his bags out of respect for him.

Still Sadhu Baba discouraged him. "Look here, Seth, just visiting a holy place does not bring any benefit. One must remain free from all worldly attachments. One must not think of one's profit and loss during one's pilgrimage. Do you think you can keep your mind clean and free from all worries?"

"Sadhu Baba, one of the reasons why I wish to be away from home for a month is to see how far my wife and son are able to manage things in my absence!" said Laloo Seth with a chuckle.

"Oh! So yours is a multi-purpose project, not a mere pilgrimage!" observed Sadhu Baba. He said nothing more. As was expected, Laloo Seth accompanied him, as did two other villagers.





Laloo walked on merrily, as the two villagers carried his bags. Whenever the party took rest in a temple courtyard or in someone's house, Laloo would slip into the nearest market and compare the price of goods there with that in his own village. He would pay no attention to the stories Sadhu Baba narrated on the way, while the other two companions would be absorbed in them.

It was late in the afternoon and the sky was clouded. They walked along the banks of a river which was in spate. Probably a few distant villages had been flooded. Because, they saw several things being washed away by the strong current in the river.

"What's that? A blanket!" exclaimed Laloo, pointing his finger at an object floating by.

"Indeed, it seems to be a blanket. But we can't be sure in this dim light," said one of the villagers.

"Let's walk fast and reach the village ahead, before it gets dark," said Sadhu Baba. "Wait, let's take hold of that blanket!" said an anxious Laloo. He looked at one of the two villagers. "Can you swim and drag it ashore?" he asked.

"Oh, no, Seth, I'm not a good swimmer to jump into this turbulent river," the villager excused himself. "It's years since I swam, true, but once one learns swimming, one never forgets it," said Laloo. He was about to remove his shirt.

"But, Seth, why on earth must you go after that blanket? Aren't you out on a pilgrimage? Aren't you expected to forget such trifles and think of God?" Sadhu Baba reminded him.

"Sadhu Baba, it would be nothing but foolish to let that precious thing float away," said Laloo. Before Sadhu Baba could stop him, he jumped into the river.

With a few strong strides he reached the object and tried to catch it. But after that, both the object and he were seen floating away!

"What's the matter? If you can't bring the blanket ashore, leave it and come back!" shouted Sadhu Baba.

"I've already left the blanket, but the blanket is not leaving me!" was Laloo Seth's cracking reply.

Nothing was heard thereafter. It soon became clear that it was not a blanket but a bear! Somehow it had fallen into the river and was being carried away by the stream. Once it got hold of Laloo, it was in no mood to let him go.

- Visvavasu

Buried alive

The lungfish is one of Egypt's most incredible creatures. When the swamps created by the River Nile dry out, this fish does not die. It just digs into the mud and hibernates for long periods - even four years, till the swamps fills up again.





Village speaks Devabhasha

other village in India. Until ten years ago. One remarkable change that has come over the village between then and now is that a majority of the people there consider Sanskrit as their second language, their mother-tongue being Wagdi. The change has come about thanks to a thousand students in the three educational institutions in Ganoda—a primary school and a higher secondary school which teach Sanskrit, and the Government Sanskrit College. The students and their teachers have joined hands to popularise Sanskrit. At home

and in the market, people talk in Sanskrit; the walls of houses have slogans in Sanskrit; and in many houses posters can be seen with words, greetings, and sentences in Sanskirt to teach vocabulary. People chanting Sanskrit shlokas are also not an uncommon sight.

Minarets that shake

The Leaning Tower of Pisa, in Italy, is one of the wonders of the modern world. Bibi's Masjid in Ahmedabad, built in 1454 by Ahmed Shah, after whom the city is named, has two minarets which have given fame to that city in Gujarat. They will shake! One has only to lean against the 'jhoolta minar' (jhoola means swing) and give it a push. It will shake! The minarets are massive, but elegant in appearance, and there is no clue why they shake. Now, this should have been written in the past tense, because the minarets were damaged in the devastating earthquake of 2001. Fortunately, they did not fall down, and repairs could be attempted by the Archaeological Survey of India. The present keeper of the

Masjid hopes that the repairs will soon be over and the minarets will once again shake.



KALEID S C P P E

THE MAN AND THE CHERRY TREES

Once, a man was going on a picnic. He was tired and he decided to rest and eat his snacks. He saw two cherry trees. One was a small tree and the other a big one. He thought to himself. Though a small tree, it has big cherries. And the big tree has small cherries. He was mad at god. He asked, 'God, how can you give the big tree small cherries and this small tree such big cherries?'

Then he became tired and slept under the cherry trees. Soon an afternoon wind blew at the trees. Some cherries fell on him. He opened his eyes. He saw cherries falling from the big tree. He picked some of them. Then he saw cherries falling from the small tree. He picked them up too. They were both the same size!

He realised his mistake. Big tree was tall. He could only see small cherries. Small tree was small. He could see cherries close by. They looked big. But both cherries were the same size. He felt bad. He said, 'Oh sorry, God! I won't get mad at you again.'

- A. Smitha Rao, chennai, who studies in Class II B. The story including the title is as what she had sent us.

THE TAIL-LESS FOX

Once upon a time there was a naughty fox named Tailer. He would go wherever he felt like going. His mother would scold him for that. Near the forest there was a village. The villagers had put up a wire fence bordering the forest area. They were afraid wild animals might enter the village.

Tailer's mother warned him not to go near the village. But Tailer, as was his habit, wanted to visit the village. He tried to go to the village through a hole in the fence. But he got stuck. He tried and tried to come out. After some effort, he came out, but his tail got cut. He was very sad. He was proud of his tail and he was named Tailer because of his beautiful tail. He came crying to his mother. His mother was also sad, but as usual she scolded him.

> In the evening, his friends came to his house. They were shocked to see the fox's tail missing. They asked as to what happened to his tail. He lied: 'I cut it because it was getting heavy'. One of them asked: 'Then, why are you sad?'

> > Tailer was ashamed and didn't know what to say.

The moral of the story: Obey your parents and never lie. — J. Sumithra (10), Chennai

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THE TRAIN

Every morning at six,
She whistles her way,
And I wake up from my bed,
To sit by the window and shoo away
All the she had shed;
The passengers in the train look at me,
And wave to me in sheer glee,
Was the face of years forgotten,
I glance and peer till the last bogie,
And sit back in my seat all lazy,
This happens every day and noon and night,
And I like to sit and watch all night.

— Sweta Pratap (14), Chennai

TREES, TREES, TREES

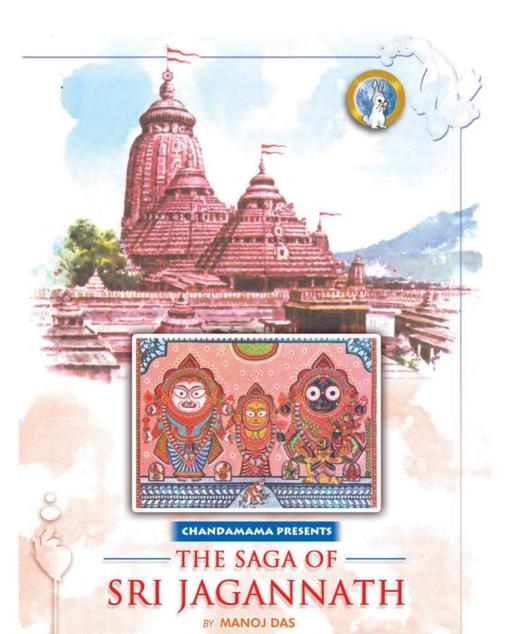
Trees, trees, trees
My sweet trees
I wish you could
Talk to me.
Trees, trees, trees
My sweet trees
I wish you could
Hug me.
Trees, trees, trees
My sweet trees
But I still know
You love me.

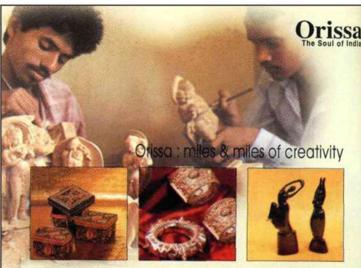
— V. Shaakya Sundar (8), Mumbai

Kores' Cutapate

Using above product (Kores- Glue Stick) make an item from Waste things to best. First <u>Ten early winners</u> will gets <u>Exciting gift boxes</u> filled with fun and <u>Three winners</u> will receive <u>Exclusive Gift Hampers</u> fill with <u>Masti & Maza from Kores India Ltd. Send your entries with this advt. cutting & Empty Wrapper at given address before 31st July, 2003</u>







The first Creator was God. Man comes next. Creativity is not just the bridesmaid of the elite and the well-read. It is a religion for the masses, in one coastal corner of India called Orissa. Truly does Orissa revel in the glory of her exquisite handicrafts. The artistry of the eye and the deftness of fingers culminate in exquisite filigree work, which is undoubtedly, the pride of Utkal, now Orissa.

The legacy of creativity, handed down from generation to generation is not only seen in the colourful canopies and beach umbrellas, but also in Orissa's folk Painting. Hornwork reaches it's crowning climax in the long-legged stork. Brass and bell metal-works are the be-all and end-all of creative imagination. That is not the end of it all. In short, Orissa is a poem which one and all must read time after time.



For more information contact: Director, Tourism; Paryatan Bhavan; Bhubaneswar-751014, Orissa, Inda Tel: (0674) 2432177, Fax: (0674) 2430887, e.mail:ortour@sancharnet.in, website:www.orissa-tourism.com Tourist Offices at; Chennai: Tamilnadu Tourism Complex, Ground Floor, Near Kalaivanar Arangam Wallajah Road, Chennai - 600002, Ph: (044) 2530891, Kolkata: Utkal Bhawan 55, Lenin Sarani, Pin-700013 Tel: (033) 22443653, New Delhi: Utkalika, Bl4 Baba Kharak Sinoh Mara, Pin - 110001, Telefax (011) 23364581



The city of Puri in Orissa - also known since times immemorial as Srikshetra (the holy ground) - is famous for the temple of Sri Jagannath. The deity is believed to contain the sacred relics of Sri Krishna.

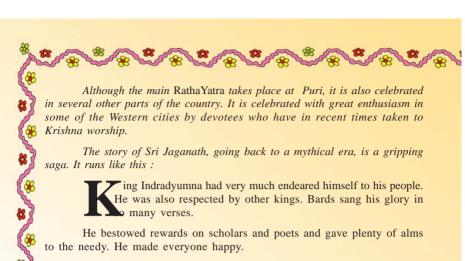
Sri Jagannath is an image of Krishna. He is worshipped in the temple along with His elder brother Balabhadra, and younger sister Subhadra.

The Ratha Yatra (or the Festival of Chariots) commemorates Sri Krishna's journey from Gokul to Mathura, where he was to kill the demon king Kamsa.

The tradition is believed to have begun at the instance of Gundicha Devi, the queen of King Indradyumna the founders of original temple.

The three deities are seated in three magnificent chariots that are drawn by thousands of devotees along the Badadanda or the Path Sublime, to a temporary residence.

The festival draws tens of thousands of people from all over India and other countries.



But lately he was seen to be a bit unhappy. Was it because he lacked anything? Was it because some of his desires remained unfulfilled?

No. Why then was he unhappy? Slowly the answer dawned on him.

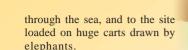
Indeed, it was a lofty vision - the vision of a temple. He must build a magnificent temple, a great shrine that would be a seat of pilgrimage for millions of devotees for ages to come.

But a temple for whom? Who was the deity to be enshrined in it?

He did not have to wonder for long. He heard a voice in his dream: "Build the temple. You'll find the deity in time."

King Indradyumna woke up, his nerves tingling with a sublime feeling. He summoned his ministers as soon as the day had dawned and revealed to them his decision to build the temple. Amidst sounds of conchshells and chanting of hymns, the project was launched on the charming seashore of Puri.

Huge blocks of quality stone were brought from mountains far away, by boats



Thousands of workers, craftsmen, sculptors and architects got busy constructing the temple. The magic of their love and labour made flowers bloom on the stones. Upon a vast stretch of sand kissed by the sea-waves, the temple rose higher and higher, befriending the clouds.

Years passed and the temple was completed. But who would be its deity? And where was the idol? Those were questions everybody was asking.

Although the king did not show it, he too was growing anxious. One day he sat inside the temple and looking at the inner chamber designed to house the deity, prayed to God: "In what form will you like to dwell in this shrine? Is it not time I am told about it? How long have I to wait? Won't the people laugh at me if this huge temple, built with so much labour and care, remains empty for a long time?"

That very night, in his dream, the king was told that somewhere, not far from Puri, the deity lay hidden for whom the temple was meant. He was Krishna and was waiting to be discovered!

The king knew that it was not going to be easy to discover the deity, for it was in Krishna's nature to play hide-and-seek! The one who could find him would have to be intelligent, wise and himself a devotee of the Lord. The king selected four worthy scholars and sent them in four directions.

The youngest of them, Vidyapati, went eastward and then took a turn towards the north. Soon he entered a wild forest. He could have surely avoided it, but he was not acting according to his own will. From time to time he prayed to Krishna. He felt as if his prayer was leading him in a certain direction!

So he braved into the forest which was growing denser and thicker. He came across a small hill. To his surprise, it appeared to be a musical hill! Tender sounds of drum and flute, clapping of hands and songs, seemed to be emanating from the hill like its several brooks. It did not, of course, take him long to understand that the music came from the other side of the hill.

He climbed the hill. A slope led into a beautiful valley. A dozen tribal

girls were dancing and singing. Vidyapati was tired. The melody and the sight worked like a tonic in him. He stood holding on to a branch, enjoying the scene.

He received a jolt when he heard a tiger roar close by. The beast was not satisfied with its roar; it was rushing towards him, climbing along the slope. Vidyapati was not good at climbing trees. He panicked and just did not know what to do.

"Bagha!" the shout came from one of the dancing maids. The tiger stopped at once. The girls giggled. "Come back!" commanded the same voice. Bagha turned and in a bound was back amidst the girls who had stopped dancing. It rolled at the feet of the one who had called it, like a kitten. She gave it a smack with her fist. She indeed outshone all the other girls of the

group with her charming

personality.

Vidvapati, tired frightened, sat dazed. Two of the girls fanned him with banana leaves. Another fetched cool water from a spring.

They did all this in obedience to the instructions from the one who was their leader. She was suave in her manners and beautiful. Her friends called her Lalita.

gratefully, ready to follow Lalita.

"O stranger," said Lalitha, kneeling down before Vidyapati, "we do not know who you are and what your destination is. Perhaps you strayed into the forest unintentionally. Whatever be the case, we cannot desert you in the condition that you are. My father, Visvavasu, Chieftain of this forest, will be happy to receive you as his guest." There was magic in Lalita's invitation, though she did not say a word more than was necessary. Vidyapati stood up

Lalita led the party, her pet tiger prancing about merrily and occasionally smelling the stranger. Lalita whispered a message to one of her companions. She quickened her steps and soon disappeared amidst the cluster of trees.

Soon Vidyapati saw Visvavasu seated on a rock. He looked majestic, but he greeted Vidyapati with folded hands, "You are welcome, whoever you



are," he said when Vidyapati returned his greetings.

"I'm duty-bound to inform my noble host that I am an emissary of King Indradyumna. I hope, my host will appreciate that I am also duty-bound to my king to keep my mission a secret," said Vidyapati. Visvavasu was delighted to find out that the young Brahmin was a great scholar. He requested Vidyapati to stay with him for a few days and to enlighten him on matters of religion and philosophy.

Vidyapati agreed. Surely, he had a strong feeling that he ought to stay back for a longer time.

Had this feeling something to do with the attention Lalita, Visvavasu's only child, bestowed on him? Not quite in the beginning. While Vidyapati recited scriptures from memory and explained their meaning, both Visvavasu and Lalita would listen to him with rapt attention. Vidyapati knew that Lalita admired him, but he was in no mood to think too much of her. He did not forget, even for a moment, why he was there. Most of the time he remained silent and meditative.

But he forgot his mission for some days. It was when he fell ill and Lalita nursed him. He suffered, but his suffering was far surpassed by his joy at his close contact with Lalita.

He realised that not only Lalita loved him, but he also loved Lalita. It did not surprise anyone when he gave his consent to Visvavasu's proposal that he married Lalita.

Days passed. Vidyapati was both happy and unhappy. Happy that he was with Lalita, but unhappy as his mission had remained unfulfilled.

Only if he could be as determined a worker as Visvavasu! For example, he had observed Visvavasu going out sometime at dawn without fail, to come back after sunrise. Even a terrible cyclone would not stop him from this routine.

Soon Vidyapati grew curious about it. Where did Visvavasu go?

And he put the question to Lalita.

"O my husband, I am not supposed to disclose that to anybody. But how on earth can I keep anything hidden from you? Somewhere nearby there is a cave. Inside it there is our ancestral deity. My father goes to pay his homage to Him. My father's father, my grandfather, even my grandfather's father, had done the same," replied the innocent Lalita.

"My dear Lalita," he said softly, "can't I have a glimpse of the deity?"

" My father would never consent to let any outsider even know of the deity!"

"Am I still an outsider?" Vidyapati feigned sadness.

"Oh no. I'll surely plead with my father to take you there," said Lalita.

At night Lalita told Visvavasu of her husband's desire. Visvavasu cast a severe look at her and kept quiet.

NILAMADHAVA TEMPLE

As Vidvapati was blind-folded, he was not aware where he was being taken. Then Visvavasu removed the cover over the eves. Instantly, there was the flash of a blue light, and Vidvapati saw the beautiful image of Krishna with his flute. Hence was the deity called Nilamadhaya. Nila meaning blue and Madhava, a name of Krishna. The temple of Nilamadhava, which is a miniature of the Jagannath temple at Puri, stands on a hillock close to river Mahanadi in Kantilo village, 15 km from Khandapara. Kantilo is well-known for its brass and bell-metalware. Bhauma Ekadasi, among other festivals, is celebrated in Nilamadhava temple on a grand scale. Thousands of people congregate here to participate in the festival.

But Lalita was not to give up so easily. "Father, am I not your only child? Who will worship the deity after you? Won't the duty rest with Vidyapati? What harm is there in familiarising him with the deity now?" She persisted in her pleading. At last the Chieftain yielded.

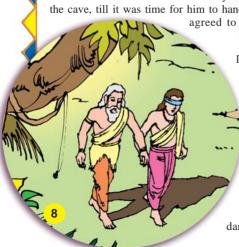
But Visvavasu was bound by an oath not to show anybody the way to the cave, till it was time for him to hand over its charge to someone. Vidyapati agreed to proceed blindfolded.

Vidyapati's eyes were sealed by a pad of cloth. Visvavasu held his right hand and led him on.

But Vidyapati had carried a handful of mustard seeds in his left hand. He went on scattering them along the way to the cave.

"My boy, lower your head.
We are now entering the cave," said
Visvavasu and then gently removed
the cover from Vidyapati's eyes.

Vidyapati opened his eyes in the dark interior. His eyes went to a nook of



the cave. There, on a slab of stone, Visvavasu placed some flowers.

Instantly there flashed a blue light. Vidyapati saw in the flash the vision of Krishna - a beautiful Krishna with his flute.

A cry of joy and wonder escaped his lips.

"What happened, my son?" asked Visvavasu. The remark brought Vidyapati back to senses.

Vidyapati was brought back home in the same manner he had been led into the cave — blindfolded. Lalita was eagerly awaiting his return. "What did you see?" she asked excitedly.

"Well, nothing very much! What can one expect inside a gloomy dark cave?" replied Vidyapati.

Indeed, he would not even tell Lalita the miracle he had experienced. He alone knew how painful it was to keep it a secret from her. Never before in life had he suffered so much anguish. How to keep his intention secret from Lalita?

But if he was to be faithful to his mission, he must decamp with the object that Visvavasu worshipped! That would betray the faith of Lalita and Visvavasu! That would be treachery!

He argued with himself: Visvavasu did not trust him. Had he trusted him, he would not have obliged him to visit the cave blind-folded. So Vidyapati would only be outwitting Visvavasu, not betraying him.

But arguments are only arguments. They cannot truly resolve any conflict. Vidyapati could not sleep for several nights together. He remained absentminded during the day. Lalita was at a loss to understand what was happening to her husband. Was

he missing the pomp and show of the life at the king's court?

"Not the pomp and show, Lalita," Vidyapati at last told her, "but my home. My people must be wondering where I am. Shouldn't I go and see my anxious parents? Surely, I cannot propose that you accompany me. Your father will miss you so much! Besides, the people of my society will look at you with such curiosity."

"How do I care as long as you continue to look at me in the way you do now!" Lalita's voice was



clear, but soon it grew weak when she said, "But who will look after Father? Can I leave him?"

"You cannot and you should not. But if you allow me to go, I'll come back soon."

"Will you? Do you promise?"

"How can I do otherwise, Lalita?"

Vidyapati's words brought tears to Lalita's eyes. "Go then," she said. "Tell your parents how eagerly I look forward to the day when I can be blessed by them."

Soon Visvavasu was informed of Vidyapati's desire to go home. He proposed to send many gifts with him. "No," said Vidyapati dissuading him, "there will be a time for

that — when Lalita will accompany me. First, let me break the news of my marriage to my parents."

"Let it be so," said Visvavasu and he arranged for a horse for his son-in-law.

The monsoon had just set in. Vidyapati took leave of Visvavasu and a tearful Lalita. Slowly he disappeared from their sight.

It was not difficult for him to find the row of tender sprouts that had emerged from the mustard seeds he had scattered. He followed the path they indicated. In a few minutes he reached the cave.

There was no time to lose. "O God, I'm acting according to my best inspiration. If I'm doing anything wrong, pardon me."

He picked up the small stone casket on which Visvavasu had placed flowers only hours ago. He put it in his bag and went out and jumped on to his horse.

Vidyapati was happy that he could accomplish his mission. He was happy that he had come out of the dark forest into the plains flooded by sunlight.

But as soon as he looked at the forest he had left behind, his heart was overcast by a gloom.

"O God!" muttered Vidyapati. "I had to do what I did. Only if this act



serves some greater purpose, something ordained by Thou, can I recover my peace."

By sundown he approached the charming town of Puri. He went straight to the palace of Indradyumna.

The king came out hurriedly and embraced Vidyapati. "Young sage, not only your bright face, but the dream I dreamt last night tell me that you have not returned empty-handed."

"My lord, I'm convinced that I've got the invaluable thing for which I had set out for but..." Vidyapati's voice was choked.

"Go on, my friend, I know that no one can achieve anything really great without confronting some difficulty or obstacle. Let us hear your problem. We will do everything possible to resolve it," said the king in great earnest.

Vidyapati shook his head. "No, my lord, none can help me out of my anguish," he said. Then he narrated his story.

"Vidyapati, you must root out such disturbing thoughts from your mind. Thousands of artisans have offered their labour to build the temple. We have offered our resources. Similarly, if someone has been obliged to lose something he valued, what is wrong in that? I am directed in my dream to await a log that will come floating from the sea in the morning. What you have brought is charged with the presence of Vishnu. Am I right? This is to be placed inside the image that will be carved out of the log. Once the image is installed in the magnificent temple, your host will only be too happy to see it," said the king, patting Vidyapati on the back.

Vidyapati felt consoled.

The king, his ministers and Vidyapati were all present on the seashore an hour before dawn. A mild mist spread on the waters and it had dimmed the horizon.

By and by the eastern sky grew rosy. The king looked agog with excitement as if he was watching the sunrise for the first ever time!

The sun sprang up. The waves recorded a million golden ripples. The mist began to fade.

"There! There it is!" cried out the excited king. "Can't you all see it rolling over the waves?"

A huge round log was seen rising with the surging waves and gliding down as the waves subsided. On the king pointing it out, a dozen waiting boats dashed into the sea.

They surrounded the dancing log. Men in the boats leaned towards it and began pushing it towards the shore.

But this log would not move. Some of the surprised boatmen, expert swimmers, jumped into the waters and tried to move it, but in vain.

The men then threw ropes around the log and tried to pull it towards the shore. Even that yielded no result.

The king's face paled as time passed. The ministers were worried. Soldiers were summoned. They did their best to bring the log ashore, but they failed.

It was a moonlit night. Soldiers and boatmen were still pitting their strength against the strange log.

"Stop!" shouted the king suddenly. The ministers passed the order on to those struggling with the log. "I know why the log refuses to come," said the king. Then, looking at Vidyapati, he said, "Lead me to the blessed devotee

who was the custodian of the sacred thing you've brought. His touch alone will move the log!"

From the top of the mountain the forest looked like rolling waves which had come to a halt under some spell.

It had been a quiet realm always, and since the previous day it had grown even quieter. That was natural. The Chief, Visvavasu, lay

12

in a swoon for most of the time. His daughter, Lalita, wept continuously.

Nobody knew exactly what had happened. As usual, Visvavasu had gone out of his house at dawn. But that day he returned sooner, looking wild, panting and sweating. "What has your husband done?" That was all he could say, staring at Lalita . Then he swooned away.

Lalita had instinctively understood what had happened. She had always a feeling that although Vidyapati loved her deeply, his readiness to live with them in the forest was not entirely due to her. He was counting days for a chance to fulfil some mission. Visvavasu's shock had only one meaning for Lalita: Vidyapati had escaped with their secret deity for which he had evinced such keen interest.

The day passed and so did the night, without the father or the daughter touching their food or going to sleep. The next morning Visvavasu walked towards the cave, in a daze.

Inside the cave he grasped the stone on which his deity used to be there and he refused to budge. Hours passed.

And then someone came running at noon and told them excitedly that he had sighted a party of strangers atop the hill.

The one who led the party looked like a king.

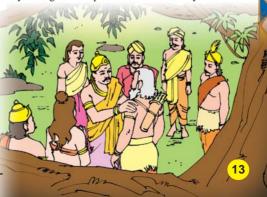
Soon another messenger reported of having sighted Vidyapati in the party.

By then everybody had come to know, through whispers the cause of Visvavasu's sorrow.

"They have taken away our greatest possession. Are they still not

satisfied and do they mean to plunder us? We will fight to the last man!" shouted a few voices.

But as more reports began to arrive, it became clear that the king's party carried no arms. The king himself had already told some people that he was coming to greet Visvavasu.



Visvavasu came out of the cave to receive the king, still weeping. The king, on sighting him, came running and embraced him.

"Visvavasu, I am the thief, not your son-in-law. Pardon me and listen to me with kindness," said the king. He then narrated how he got the inspiration to construct a magnificent temple, how he had the feeling that somewhere, not far from Puri, there was a secret object of worship that must be gathered for the temple and how, of all his courtiers, Vidyapati alone had a feel for things divine.

"Visvavasu, for generations the Lord had been gracious to your dynasty. Now it is the Lord's wish that He should be available to all the seekers. In any case, He does not wish to be seen by others in the same form as you and your forefathers saw Him. What you worshipped will be kept inside a new image that will be carved out of a block of log," said the king. He then told him how the log refused to come ashore and how he felt sure that it will come only if Visvavasu was there to receive it.

Visvavasu heard the king with rapt attention. He was left in no doubt what the king said was true. He sat silent for long. Then he stood up. "I am ready to go with you," he said.

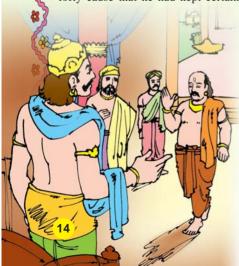
The king embraced him again, tears of joy and gratefulness streaming down his cheeks.

"My daughter, do not misunderstand your husband. It is only for a lofty cause that he had kept certain things secret from you," the king told

Lalita who bowed to him.

"Lalita, I apologise to you. I'll be back in no time and arrange for you to accompany me to Puri," Vidyapati told Lalita who had not stopped weeping.

It was evening when the king and his party, along with Visvavasu, reached Puri. At once the king and Visvavasu set out into the sea in a boat. Lo and behold, as soon as they touched the floating log and gave it a push, it began moving towards the shore, dancing on the waves. Within minutes the jubilant crowd rolled it on to the





sand and then it was carried to the castle.

What form would the Deity take? That was the question to bother the king next. He summoned the kingdom's leading craftsmen. They said they were in the habit of carving images out of stone. They were not sure of their craftsmanship on a block of log, particularly when it concerned the image of a Deity.

Before long an old man appeared on the scene and claimed that he knew what to carve out of the log. He had been told in his dream that the Lord wished to be manifested as Krishna, along with his elder brother Balabhadra, and their sister Subhadra. At no other shrine was to be seen this trinity. This would be the novel feature of this divinely inspired shrine.

The old man's claim carried conviction. The king agreed to his taking up the work.

"But I have a condition. I must be left alone with the log and my instruments. The door of the house inside which I will work must remain shut until I have opened it," said the stranger.

"What about your food?"

"I'll have it after my work is over," calmly stated the stranger.

The stranger was given a house situated on the castle campus. The faint sound of his instruments fashioning the wood could be heard if one were to press one's ear against the door. And Gundichadevi, the queen of King Indradyumna, was never tired of doing

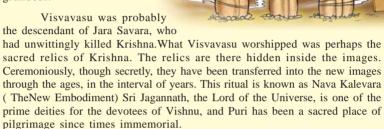
that.

But one day all seemed quiet. The queen grew anxious about the stranger's condition. And when the sound did not resume the next day or even the day after, she pushed open the door.

The old man, busy making the images, looked over his shoulder and then, in the twinkling of an eye, vanished. He had left the images incomplete. They are to be found in the same shape - though from time to time new images had taken place of the old - to this day. The craftsman, as everybody realised afterwards, was none other than Visvakarma, the sculptor and architect of the heavens.



But were the images really incomplete? They appear so. They even appear strange to the ordinary eye, but devotees see in them indescribable beauty and divine grandeur.



The descendants of Vidyapati and Lalita, known as Daitapatis, are among the chief priests of the Deities.

Many are the sweet legends popular among the folks, with Sri Jagannath as their centre. In all of them we find the Lord coming to the rescue of his devotees, be the devotee s prince or a pauper. Take for example the following legend:

ong, long ago a young prince of Kalinga, Purushottamdev, set forth from Puri to see the wide country.

He rode for days and weeks, passing through villages and towns. At last he reached the grand old city of Kanchi in the south. The king offered him warm hospitality.

The king had a daughter, Padmavati. Her beauty and behaviour charmed Purushottamdev. He would have liked to enjoy her company for some time, but news reached him that his father had taken ill. The prince rushed back to Puri.

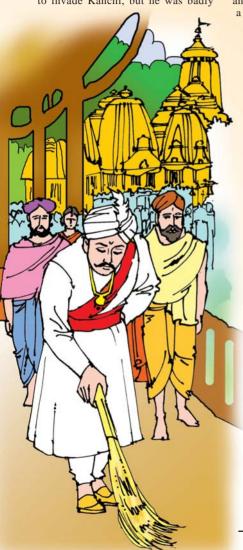
The old king died, and Purushottamdev ascended the throne. He sent a messenger to Kanchi, proposing his marriage to Princess Padmavati.

The King of Kanchi received the message with joy. He immediately sent one of his ministers to Puri, where it was the time of the famous Ratha Yatra of Lord Jagannath. According to the ancient custom, the chariots which would be pulled were being swept clean by the King of Kalinga himself, signifying that the mighty king was an humble servant of the deities.

Unfortunately, the minister from Kanchi could not appreciate the custom. On returning to Kanchi he told his king that it would be undignified to give away the princess to a sweeper king! The King of Kanchi agreed with his minister's observation.



Purushottamdev got furious when the news reached him and he decided to invade Kanchi, but he was badly



defeated in the battle. He returned to Puri. He prostrated before the deities and prayed for days together. At last a voice directed him to lead another expedition to Kanchi.

Purushottamdev reorganised his army and started for Kanchi. On the banks of lake Chilika, he was stopped by an old woman. "Look here, young man, a little while ago, two riders, one fair and one dark, drank two cups of curds from me. When I asked for money, they gave me this ring and said the young man who would follow them would give the money if I showed this ring."

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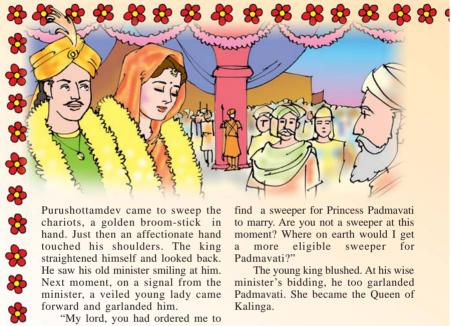
The king recognised it. It was the diamond ring of Lord Jagannath! He guessed that the two riders were none other than Lord Jagannath and Balabhadra.

The king paid for the curd by gifting a village to the old woman, whose name was manika. This village called Manikapatna is in existence. Needless to say, Purushottamdev emerged victorious in the battle at Kanchi. The King of Kanchi became his prisoner. Purushottamdev treated the king with respect and released him. But Padmavati was taken captive and brought to Puri, of course, with all the dignity due to a princess.

Everybody expected the king to marry the princess. But he ordered his old minister, "Find a sweeper to marry the princess!"

The sad princess waited for the day when she would be handed over to a sweeper!

Once again it was the time for the Ratha Yatra. King



Purushottamdev came to sweep the chariots, a golden broom-stick in hand. Just then an affectionate hand touched his shoulders. The king straightened himself and looked back. He saw his old minister smiling at him. Next moment, on a signal from the minister, a veiled young lady came forward and garlanded him.

"My lord, you had ordered me to

find a sweeper for Princess Padmavati to marry. Are you not a sweeper at this moment? Where on earth would I get more eligible sweeper Padmayati?"

The young king blushed. At his wise minister's bidding, he too garlanded Padmavati. She became the Oueen of Kalinga.

ORISSA TOURISM - CALENDAR OF EVENTS (JULY-DECEMBER 2003)		
Name of the Fair/Festival	Date and Month	Important places of observance
Snana Yatra	14 June	Puri
Ratha Yatra	1 July	Puri, Kendrapara, Baripada
Bahudha Yatra	9 July	Puri, Kendrapara, Baripada
Durga Puja	2-5 October	Cuttack
Gajalaxmi puja (Kumar Purnima)	9 October	Dhenkanal Town
Anal Navami	2 November	Sakhigopal
Bada Osha	7 November	Dhaveleswar
Bali Yatra	8 November	Cuttack, Paradeep, Konark & Balugaon
Parab (Tribal Festival)	6-18 November	Koraput
Beach festival	23-27 November	Puri
Konark Dance Festival	1-5 December	Konark

How to reach Puri?

Puri, famous for the Jagannatha temple and the annual Ratha Yatra, is 60 km by road from Bhubaneshwar and 35 km from Konark. It has direct rail connection from Kolkata, Delhi, Ahmedabad, and Tirupati. For details and accommodation facilities, one may contact the Orissa Tourism Development Corporation (OTDC) Panthanivas, or Puri Tourist Office.

8

8



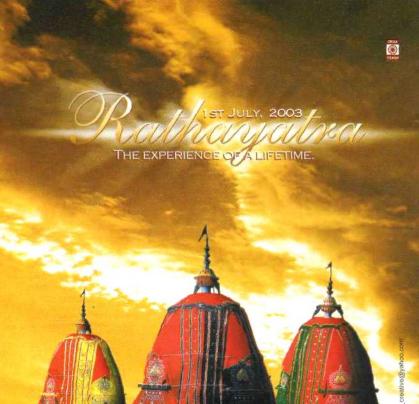
and true flows the Orissan culture reflecting the Indian Culture.

Visit Orissa - Experience India.

theatre in the form of 'Prahalad-Nataka' or the 'Dhanuyatra' are expressions of the 'Indianness of India'. Fairs like the 'Bali Jatra' remind us of our ancient maritime links with Bali. And to crown it all is our universally-acclaimed 'Rathyatra' of Lord Jagannath which has infected the world. So... sure

For more information contact: Director, Tourism; Paryatan Bhavan; Bhubaneswar-751014, Orissa, India Tel: (0674) 2432177, Fax: (0674) 2430887, e.mail:ortour@sancharnet.in, website:www.orissa-tourism.com Tourist Offices at; Chennai: Tamilinadu Tourism Complex, Ground Floor, Near Kalaiwanar Arangam Wallajah Road, Chennai - 600002, Ph: (044) 25360891, Kolkata: Utkla Bhawan 55, Lehin Sarani, Pin-700013 Tel: (033) 22443653, New Delhi: Utkaliika, B/4 Baba Kharak Singh Marg, Pin - 110001, Telefax (011) 23364580

Orissa



Welcome to the grand roadshow. Welcome to the frenzy, the ecstasy and the grandeur that is Rathayatra. It throws up a vibrant and captivating display of ageold tradition, mythology, culture and lore of Orissa. The divine journey proceeds down Puri's broadway every year with the idols of Lord Jagannath, His brother Balabhadra and His sister, Subhadra travelling in three gigantic chariots, borne on

16 enormous wheels. Millions of devotees heave at the ropes to draw their Gods' chariots. This 1st July, 2003 the divine rathas will roll out again in their full regalia. Be at Puri to witness this magnificent pageant of life!



KALEID SCOPE KALEID SCOPE KALEID SCOPE



Wife (in a movie theatre): How ridiculous! The man in front of us is asleep!

Husband: And you had to wake me up to tell me

C.A.Lokhesh (10), Madurai John: My stomach is aching very

badly.

Jim: That's because it is empty. John (sometime later): My head is

aching very badly.



Jim : That's because it is empty.

— Nithya Ramachandran (12), Chennai

Rosy: I've changed my mind

Lily: Does it work better than the previous one?

— Nithya Ramachandran (12), Chennai

Friend One (flying for the first time): Hey! The men below really look like ants from the plane.

Friend Two: You silly! We're yet to take off! They're really ants on the windowpane!



Rahul: My father once used to look very dark, but now he is very fair.

Raghu: How's that possible? Does

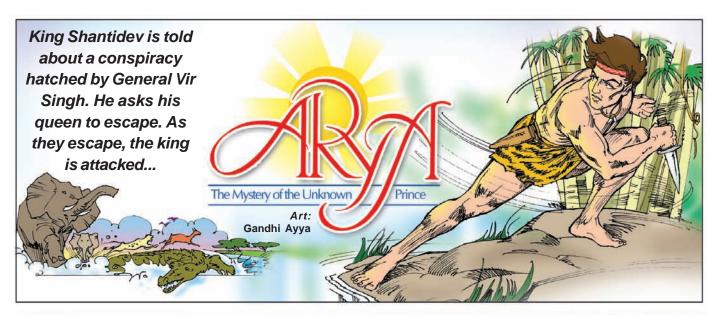
he use any cream?

Rahul: No. Earlier he worked in a coal mine; now he works



Using above product (Kores-Pencils) write a Poem. **KOres** First Ten early winners will gets Exciting Gift Boxes filled with fun and Three winners will receive Exclusive Gift Hampers fill with Masti & Maza from Kores India Ltd. Send your entries with this advt. cutting & Empty Wrapper at given address before 31st July, 2003 Kores India Ltd., Kores House, Plot No.10,Off Dr.E.Moses Rd.,Worli



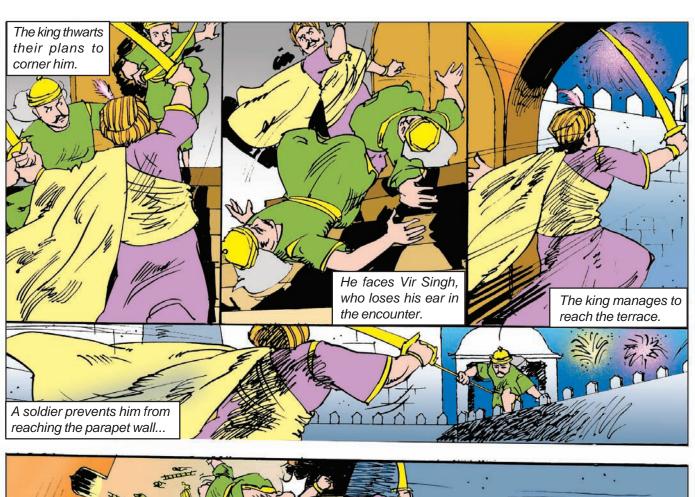








Chandamama 55 July 2003









Dear eco friends,

A unique initiative was started in Chennai recently. Nature
Quest, an activity-based nature and conservative programme
was started to inculcate interest in nature and wildlife among
students and other nature lovers from all walks of life. A
collaboration between Orient Longman Pvt. Ltd., Madras
Crocodile Bank Trust, and the Trust for Environment Education,
Nature Quest will conduct interactive programmes, talks, discussions, and
screening of wildlife documentaries to work towards an environmentally conscious
society. Wouldn't you like to start a similar club in your area, too?



Oats to Toast

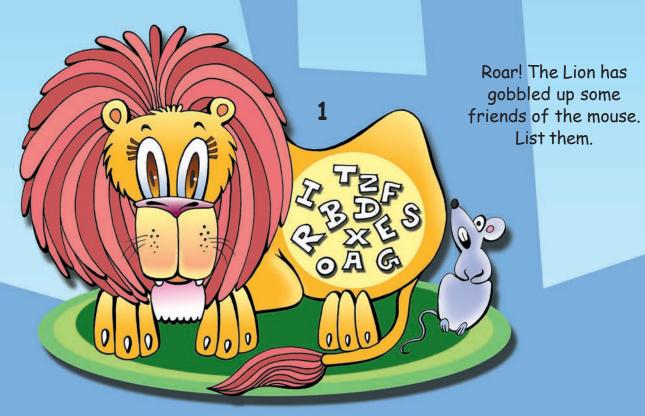
Oats are not just a meal for horses but a nourishing meal for us too. Oats are a high calorie diet that can be substituted with cornflakes. Even the cooked water can be drunk as a soup.

You will need:

Brown/Red Oats - 150 gms Coriander seeds - 1 tsp Cumin seeds - 1 tsp Black pepper - 10 Red chilli - 2 Onion - 2 Mustard seeds Black gram / urad dhal Oil for seasoning and frying

Cook the oats with 2 cups of water in a pressure cooker. Add turmeric powder. Drain the water after the oats is cooked and keep it aside. Fry onion and spices till brown. Put in a mixer grinder and grind to a smooth paste. Add the cooked oats, a pinch of salt and grind coarsely. Remove the oats to a vessel; add two ladles of the cooked water and simmer. The remaining water can be consumed by adding salt to it.

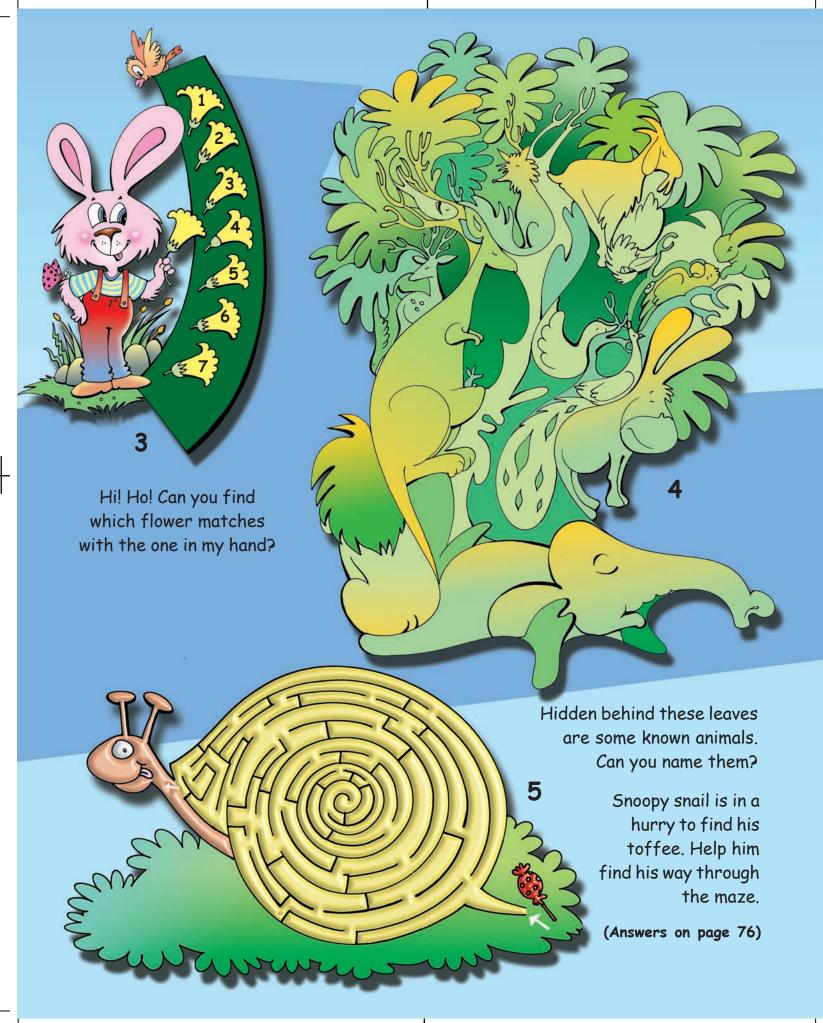




Oops! Tails are a-cracking. Can you spot seven differences between the two pictures below?











Lichens

Lichens are small plants that do not have flowers, roots, leaves, or stems. Lichens are actually a combination of two kinds of plants – the algae and the fungus. They aid each other. This kind of partnership is called symbiosis.

About 17,000 kinds of fungi form lichen plants with algae. They belong to the class of plants in the subkingdom Thallophyta. The algae contain chlorophyll and makes food for itself and the fungus. The fungus, in turn, stores moisture and minerals for the algae.

Lichens are found all over the world. They grow on rocks, logs, and tree trunks. They need very little water and so can even be found in deserts. They are among the few plants that can grow even in the arctic region.

The growth rate of the lichen is very slow. They grow at a rate of 0.01 mm in a year. When lichens decay and mix with the soil, the soil becomes richer for other plants to grow. Some lichens that contain starch are even used as food.

Limnology

Limnology is a branch of science that deals with the physical, chemical, and biological properties of freshwater bodies, like lakes and ponds.

Limnology is a relatively new branch of science that started in the 19th century. The word has its origin in the Greek word 'Limne', meaning lake or marsh. Initially, the study was restricted to lakes and ponds and the sediments deposited at the bottom of the lake were studied to give scientists an idea of the history of the lake. But as water pollution became a major environmental problem, the study was expanded to include other freshwater sources, like rivers and streams. The importance of clean and pure drinking water for humans led to the expansion of this field.

Limnology helps us understand how healthy our water is, what is happening to our water resources, and how the quality of water can be improved. A limnologist conducts several tests to ascertain the phosphate, nitrate and bacteria content, salinity, and turbidity present in water.

Do you think
we need a limnologist to check the quality of the water we drink?

No, we need to tell only our local municipal office.









Lemmings

A lemming is a small mouse-like rodent with a large head and short, thick legs and a very small tail. The general length of its body is 150 mm. Lemmings are brightly coloured with black patterns on its orangebrown fur.

Lemmings eat vegetable food. They build nests of bark or grass in some sheltered nook. They are not tree climbers, but are good swimmers. They are very active during the night. Lemmings do not hibernate during winter and, hence, do not hoard food for the 'wintry days'.

Lemmings are mostly found in Northern Europe, Asia, and America. They are very common in Norway. The migration of the Norway lemmings is a sight to behold. Lemmings, like rabbits, multiply very fast. Their population quickly becomes enormous so that



the environment cannot support them. They are forced to migrate to sustain themselves. They travel downhill, crossing small rivers and lakes. They eat anything that they find on their way. They might find temporary relief, but they do not survive for long. They become a prey to other animals and birds.

The lemmings that survive travel further, until they reach the sea. There they jump into the sea, trying to swim across. This action results in their deaths. After this, their numbers drop drastically and are seen only in their homes, up in the mountains.

- Compiled by Vidhya Raj

Activity

- 1. Laennec, Rene
- 2. Land, Edwin Herbert
- 3. Lister, Joseph
- 4. Linnaeus, Carolus
- 5. Lavoisier, Antoine Lauret

Given below are the names of some scientists and their work. Match the invention with the right scientist.

- a. Used antiseptics to kill germs
- b. Classification of plants by giving them Latin names
- c. Invented the stethoscope
- d. Father of modern chemistry
- e. Invented the Polaroid camera



Answers:
1 - c; 2 - e; 3 - a;
4 - b; 5 - d.



The Fair Maiden of the Highlands

In the far eastern parts of India is the land of the famed Siroy Lily— the fair maiden of the highlands, which people from far and near come to see. The flower is said to cast such a spell that one is tempted to visit the Shirui hill year after year to see it. Avijeet had heard so much about the lily that he was hoping some day to visit the Shirui hill where the flower blooms. Luckily, one fine day in mid May, Avijeet and his friends Vikram and Anil got a golden opportunity to join a group of young people from Imphal, going to the Shirui hill. The hill is located in Ukhrul, the hill district of Manipur, and is at a distance of 82 km from Imphal, the State's capital city.

Looking out from the window of the bus that was winding up the steep, meandering mountain road, Avijeet could not hold back his excitement. He was taken in by

MAHE

the breathtaking mountain scenery. Crisp, cold air lashed at their faces, their hair blowing wild with the wind. It was a wonderful feeling to ride in the wind.

"There's Ukhrul!" Anil, his friend, yelled out. Avijeet glanced up and saw the hill town in the far distance, half hidden by the morning mist. Even in summer, when it rains, Ukhrul town is wrapped in a blanket of thick mist. How he wished Imphal, which is sweaty and dusty in summer, was cool like Ukhrul! Siroy village is 14 km further east from Ukhrul. Halting briefly for a sip of red tea in the town, the bus drove on to the village. As they neared the village, they saw Shirui hill looming large in the distance. They could not see the peak as it was shrouded in thick mist. Soon they reached the Shirui foothills. Alighting from the bus, Avijeet saw the Shirui hill towering over his head. "Wow! We've a long way to climb," he remarked to his friends.

There were some young men at the foothills manning a checkpost near the trekking point. While some of them were issuing tickets to the visitors to go up the hill, some others were halting the trekkers coming down the hill and checking their rucksacks. 'What are these guys doing?' Avijeet wondered. Very soon Avijeet and his friends got talking to them and realised that they were from the nearby village and belonged to the Siroy Youth Club. They were a group of volunteers who had come together to protect and conserve the Siroy Lily and its habitat.

"Why does the flower and its plant need protection?" asked Vikram.

"During the flowering season in May, hundreds of visitors come to the hill from all over Manipur and beyond," one of the Club members explained, "but some years ago we realised that these visitors were also spelling doom for the Siroy Lily. The visitors would carelessly destroy the lily plant by trampling on them or by simply uprooting them as they trekked along. They would mindlessly pluck the flowers and later crush or tear them to bits."

"Some of us from the nearby village felt this had to

flower," he added.

Avijeet thought about the wonderful diversity of languages within Manipur as he and his friends started trekking up the steep Shirui hill. Soon they

> were puffing and sweating. "Whew! We people from the plains are certainly not adapted for mountain climbing," he told Anil between long gasps for breath. "Yes, this steep mountain path is killing me," replied Anil.

As they approached the top of the hill they were awestruck by the beauty of what they saw! In the distance, was a large green and pink coloured carpet! Hundreds of pretty Siroy lilies were swaying with the wind. The grinding and puffing was all forgotten now. There, more than 8,300 feet above sea level, amidst strong winds and a light drizzle, and the green carpet of sub-

alpine grass, Avijeet and his friends felt at home among the fair maidens of the highlands. They felt proud that nowhere else in the world, except in Manipur, was this lily found. Avijeet closed his eyes, stretched out his hands and took in the pure mountain air. Oh, it was so refreshing! They were so happy that they could make this trip to the Shirui hill.

stop, otherwise very soon the Siroy Lily would be wiped out from the Shirui hill," another member added. "We now issue tickets to visitors and also request them not to destroy the plants and to keep the hill clean. And as they come down we check their bags for plucked flowers or uprooted plants. We fine violators Rs.50 for each flower plucked, and Rs.500 for each plant uprooted." On further inquiry, the Siroy Youth Club volunteers told Avijeet and his friends that it was difficult for them to stand guard atop the hill and provide round-the-clock protection for the lilies, because of frequent rain and strong winds on the hill. Avijeet and his friends

were very impressed and were even

more eager to reach the top of the hill

and see the results of the good work the

Siroy Youth Club members had taken up.

"By the way, Itao (meaning friend in Manipuri), it is incorrect to say 'Siroy'. It should be pronounced correctly as 'Shirui'. That is what people in Ukhrul call the lily." The young man, who was preparing the visitors' fee receipt, told Avijeet. "The Britishers who visited our village during the Second World War called it 'Siroy'. Actually, in our Tangkhul Language, we know the lily as Timrawon. 'Timra' means lily and 'won' means

The Siroy Lily was discovered on the Shirui hill in 1948 by an Englishman, Captain Frank Kingdonward. A World War I veteran, Kingdonward was commissioned by His Majesty King George VI of England to locate warplanes that were believed to have crashed into the Shirui hill during the Second World War. Charmed by the gracious beauty of the lily, Kingdonward took a few of the lilies with him to England where he exhibited them at major flower shows including the Chelsea Flower Show, London, in 1950. Kingdonward was given a reward of £50,000 by the Royal Horticultural Society, London, for discovering the Siroy Lily. Kingdonward fondly named the lily as Lilium Macklineae Sealy, in memory of his wife. Today, the Siroy Lily is the State Flower of Manipur.

Avijeet and his friends looked around and were overjoyed at not finding any broken flowers or uprooted plants.

"Oh, those Siroy Youth Club members are saviours of this hill. Thank god there are at least some people who are zealously safeguarding the lily," Avijeet said aloud. He and his friends spent some more time exploring the hill and savouring its beauty.

On their way back they met the Club members once

again, this time to congratulate them on their efforts at saving the Shirui hill and the flowers. "We're proud of you. You're doing very good work. Keep it up!" Avijeet and his friends cheered the volunteers. They parted with happy words of exchange between newfound friends and the promise to help and support the Siroy Youth Club volunteers.

- Salaam Rajesh

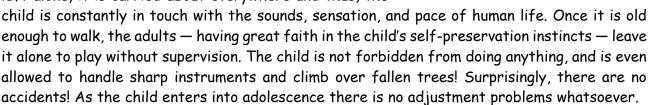
Courtesy: Kalpavriksh and the National Biodiversity and Strategic Action Plan

Meet the ...

Yequana tribals of Venezuela

The Yequana tribals of southern Venezuela are far removed from 'modern' civilisation. Known locally as makiritare or 'men of the river', they are famed and respected for their skill as canoeists and fishermen and their life is closely associated with the river. But what has drawn the attention and commendation of the 'civilised' world is the Yequana's unique method of child-rearing.

From the moment a baby is born, it is constantly in the arms of either its mother, or some other adult. Never left alone, it is carried about everywhere and thus, the



The success of this method of baby-care is borne out by the fact that the Yequanas are a happy and well-adjusted people. Children and adults alike have a remarkably equitable disposition.

The tribe shot into prominence only recently when an American anthropologist conducted a study and published these amazing findings. According to her, the tribe, though far removed from civilisation, is much happier than the civilised world. Daily life is spent in an extraordinarily pleasant atmosphere, with no quarrels or even sibling rivalry. Even babies never cry but are always content!

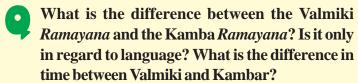
Obviously, the modern world with all its medical and technological advancement still has a great deal to learn from these tranquil tribals.





Send your questions to : Ask Away

Chandamama India Ltd.
No.82 Defence Officers' Colony
Ekkatuthangal, Chennai - 600 097
or e-mail to askaway@chandamama.org.
Prof. Manoj Das will answer your queries.



- Sumithra S. Rao, Visakhapatnam

Valmiki's *Ramayana* in Sanskrit was composed hundreds of years before the Christian Era—the historians are not sure exactly in which century. Valmiki is venerated as the *Adi Kavi* or the first ever poet of India.

The great Tamil poet Kambar makes it clear that he was recreating Valmiki's epic in his own language. Scholars differ on his time, too. While tradition traces him to A.D. 9th century, historians place him in the 11th or 12th century.

There are interesting legends about both these poets. Valmiki, who was brought up by a tribe of forest-dwellers and who used to rob travellers of their wealth, was transformed by the great Narada into a seer and a poet.

Kambar is believed to have been an emanation of

Lord Siva. It happened like this: when Hanuman tried to enter Lanka in search of Sita, he was confronted by the guardian deity of the island, Lankalakshmi. She was originally a deity who lived in Kailas, in the domain of Lord Siva, but was obliged to be in Lanka under a

curse. A blow from Hanuman made her unconscious. On regaining consciousness, she realised that the period of her curse had ended.

Though she was happy to be back in Kailas, she also regretted that she could not witness the battle between Rama and Ravana. The compassionate Siva sent her to the Swayambhulinga temple in Tamil Nadu and let Siva's power manifest as Kambar. The battle described by Kambar was enacted through the famous doll-play of

the area. The spirit of the deity, who resided in the temple, was satisfied by witnessing the play.

Kambar follows Valmiki, but also brings in imaginative changes in the story. For example, while in Valmiki's original, Sita sees Rama for the first time only when Rama takes up the challenge of stringing the formidable Hara Dhanu, Siva's Bow, Kambar's Sita already loves him even before Rama qualifies himself to marry her.

The other important variation is, while Valmiki's Sita is carried by Ravana physically, Kambar's Sita is not touched by the demon.

He uproots the very cottage containing Sita and places it on his flying chariot.

Sanskrit and Tamil are the oldest languages of India and the two *Ramayanas* are a pair of dazzling gems in the two languages.



Newsflash

Ring in, ring out

Vinod Kumar Tiwari has a paan shop in Mumbai. The nameboard reads: Ghantawala Paan Mandir. The name has a significance. Ghantawala means, someone with a bell. But our friend possesses not one, but 393 bells from 18 countries. They are all on display in his shop. Not only that, when he packs a paan (betel leaf for chewing) for a customer and he/she makes the payment, Tiwari will ring a bell! If you were to ask him, he will explain that he is only following a tradition started by his grandfather, who had set up a paan shop in Pune in 1933. The bell is rung a second time when he bids farewell to the customer. Tiwari has in his collection a glass bell from France, a wooden bell from Tibet, and a 20 kg brass bell from India. This bell collection has earned him an entry in the Guinness Book of Records.



People who write biographies of their parents are not rare; those who write about their grandparents are not rarer. But 12-year-old Kadambari Shankar is a unique biographer: her biography of her grandfather, Shri. S. Viswanathan, Chancellor of the Institute of Technology, Vellore, has just been published. According to the *Limca Book of Records*, she is the youngest biographer in India, probably in the world, too. A certificate from the *Guinness Book* will not surprise this 10th Standard

student of Shristi Matriculation School, Vellore. Her 80-page biography, which has nine chapters in all, describes the Chancellor's family background, school and college days, and Parliamentary career. The veteran Parliamentarian, the late Piloo Mody, who wrote a biography of the former Pakistan Prime Minister Zulfikar Ali Bhutto, had presented a copy of his book to Shri. Viswanathan, who was his colleague in the Parliament.

Before autographing the copy, Mr. Mody had written: "I hope I can write your biography, too." When Mr. Mody passed away, Kadambari decided that she would become a Boswell to her grandfather. (James Boswell's biography of Dr. Samuel Johnson (1791) is considered a classic.)

July 2003 Chandamama

THE UGLIEST FOOT OF ALL

Annie and her husband George ran a small lodge in a town. Annie was fat and short and she was known for her sharp tongue. The people of the town were afraid to cross her path for fear of being scalded by her tongue. Even the travellers, who came to their lodge, were not spared. She would bully them whenever possible. She was a terror and no one dared answer her back!



throat and moved up to the table where he sat. "I haven't seen such an ugly looking foot in my life!" she commented loudly.

Everyone turned around to see whom she was talking about. They

to embarrass him. Maybe he would

then pull in his foot. She cleared her

Everyone turned around to see whom she was talking about. They peered closely at the traveller's ugly foot. For a moment he was taken aback.

But alas for Annie! Our traveller

was a cool man. "Ah! But there is an uglier foot than this one right here! And I can see it!" he retorted. Everyone began searching for the uglier foot.

Now it was Annie's turn to go red. Did he mean her foot? Her foot was blistered and cracked and full of sores. She found walking painful and so had got into the habit of walking around her lodge barefoot. Had the traveller noticed her ugly feet? She heard a few muffled giggles. She could feel everyone's eyes on her.

"If you can guess which is that ugliest foot I'm talking of, I'll pay for your dinner tonight!" challenged the man. Annie gaped silently. What could she say?

"Well," she said. "I don't know what you mean."

The man laughed. "I'll tell you!" he said. "This one!" With that he drew the other leg up to join the one Annie had commented about. "Now tell me: isn't that one uglier than this one?" Everyone burst into laughter.

Annie sighed in relief. He had not made fun of her. She went back to her seat silently. For the first time in her life, she had regretted making a rash remark!

One day a traveller came to the lodge. He was queer to look at. His body was bent and twisted like the trunk of an old tree. When he sat down at the restaurant and ordered his dinner, he stretched out his legs in front of him. Now, though his right foot went under the table, the left stretched out right in the way of the waiters.

The restaurant was crowded and the waiters had a tough time avoiding his leg as they juggled the trays of food to the various tables. But how could they ask a customer to move his leg out of their way? So they muttered and stuttered and went about their work rather grumpily.

Annie looked at him and was irritated. How inconvenient to have to carefully go around that foot! She looked at the foot. He had removed his shoe. His foot was terrible to look at. His ankle was twisted awkwardly and every one of his toes pointed in a different direction. She had not seen a more odd-looking foot.

It gave her an idea. She could say something nasty

KALEID SC SPE

Selected entries that get published will receive gift cheques:

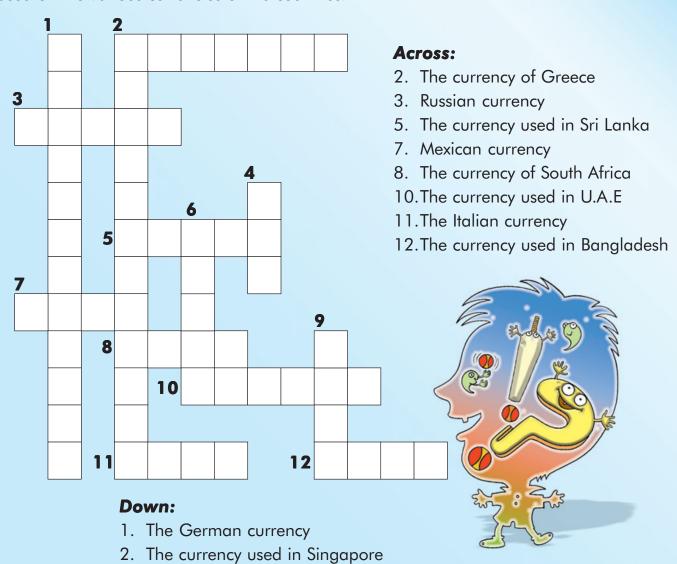
Stories: Rs.500; Puzzles and Poems: Rs.250; Jokes: Rs.100

- * Children may also send their photographs for publication along with their contribution.
 - * Parents should endorse their child's contribution.

-PUZZLE DAZZLE

Currency Capers

Did you know that the earlier man did not use money or currency? He sold goods on the barter system. But today, money has become an integral part of our life. Each country has a currency of its own and the value varies from place to place. The crossword given below is based on the various currencies of the countries.



(Answers on page 76)

4. The Japanese currency

8. The Iranian currency

6. The currency used in England

9. The currency used in Thailand

CRACK THE CODE

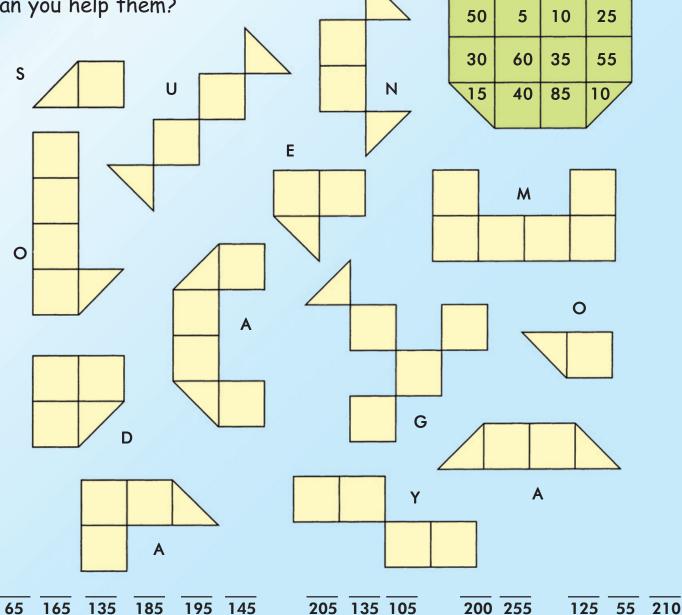
The Indian army has received secret information that an enemy will be smuggling in a shipment of ammunition to be used in a series of planned communal disturbances all over the country. The problem is, they don't know the date, time and venue of the arrival of the lethal consignment. They manage to catch an enemy spy, but before they can question him, he swallows cyanide. A search of his person unearths two scraps of paper - one bearing a number grid figure, and the other with some strange looking shapes. They soon realise that the figure and the shapes are the key to

some strange looking shapes. They soon realise that the figure and the shapes are the k a mysterious code. By cracking the code, they can get the wanted information about the consignment.

Can you help them?

50 5 10 25

30 60 35 55



- Vidhya Raj

INDIAN OCY

Story of Ganesa

19. A nymph freed from a curse

Vatapi, which was renamed Agasthyanagar soon after Yudhishthira had visited the place and offered his oblations to the huge idol of Lord Vighneswara consecrated by Sage Agasthya, came under the suzereinty of Indraprastha. After Yudhishthira, Parikshit ruled over the place, and later, Janamejaya and his sons and grandsons became the rulers. The place was once again known as Vatapinagar.

During the rule of Shatrunjaya, who belonged to the Chandra dynasty, he extended the city, by annexing the neighbouring kingdoms. Vatapi slowly assumed the size of an empire. Shatrunjaya extracted taxes from his subjects so that he could build a big army. He became unpopular, and people wondered whether the demon Ilval had not incarnated as Shatrunjaya! The kind of atrocities the demon had perpetrated once upon a time revisited Vatapinagar, much to the suffering of the people.

Chalukyavarma, who was the youngest son of Shatrunjaya, was of a different mould. He was honest, well behaved and kind-hearted. He followed the edicts of Sage Agasthya inscribed all over the place. He was the lone member of the royal family who worshipped Lord Vighneswara. He was well-versed in all kinds of arts,

including the martial arts. The people saw in the youngster their savour and held him in high esteem.

When Shatrunjaya was prompting his sons to attack the neighbouring kingdoms, Chalukyavarma protested. "Father! It's not advisable to expand the kingdom, without taking care of the welfare of our own subjects," he told his father frankly. "I shall not join my brothers in attacking our neighbours."

Shatrunjaya got very angry. "It's a curse that you were born in my dynasty. It's like a rat is born to a lion. You deserve punishment!" He arranged for a rat to be caught and named it Chalooka! He told his son that he would have to take the rat as his bride.

Chalooka was really a nymph called Kalyani. She was cursed by Lord Indra and was born as a rat on the earth. By arranging his son's wedding with a rat, Shatrunjaya expected that Chalukya would become the butt of ridicule by the guests at the wedding, and he would feel insulted.

But Chalukya was ready to turn the tables on his father. He laughingly told Shatrunjaya: "Father, Lord Vighneswara is capable of turning a rat into a queen! He can also make her a king's bride. Let's see what happens!"



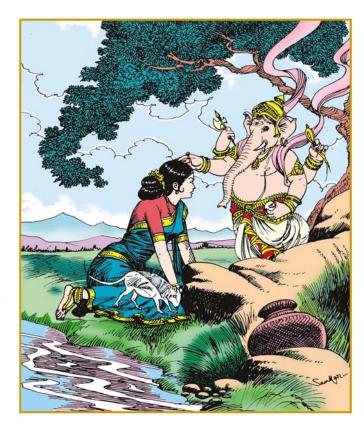
Shatrunjaya sent out Chalukya and the rat from the palace. "You don't deserve to be here; go and stay with Vighneswara who has only a rat for his mount. You may go and stay in your own aparments."

Chalukya listened to his father patiently and said, "Father, I take all this as a blessing from the Lord." He then moved over to the house set apart for him and Chalooka. She would listen to Chalukya whenever he recited the scriptures and helped him while he worshipped Vighneswara. She would wait till Chalukya finished eating and herself ate whetever was left over. Soon Vinayaka Chathurthi was approachig.

On the auspicious day, Chalukya was smitten with remorse when he saw his brothers' wives carrying water from the river in golden vessels. Chalooka began rolling a vessel to the river. She suddenly realised that she would not be able to carry it back after filling water.

As she sat weeping over her dilemma, Vighneswara appeared before her and patted her back to comfort her. Lo and behold, Chalooka was freed from the curse, and she was once again Kalyani the nymph. She fell at the Lord's feet and sought His blessings. The wives of Chalukya's brothers happened to see a bewitching beauty entering Chalukya's residence and they felt ashamed of themselves.

They went back and told their husbands who, in turn, informed Shatrunjaya. The king went to Chalukya's home and requested his son and daughter-in-law Kalyani to return to the palace. His sons now complained to him: "If only you had given us rats as our brides, we too would have got nymphs as wives."



Shatrunjaya now realised how foolish his sons were and was sad that he had made such fools as rulers of the kingdom. He was overtaken by disappointment and left for the forest to meditate. Chalukya's brothers now quarrelled with each other and fought amongst themselves.

The people chose Chalukyavarma as their ruler. He built a great city and called it Kalyaninagar. They had four sons and they came to be called Chalukyas. They spread all over the large Kingdom of Vatapi which later became the famous Badami.



Gains without pains

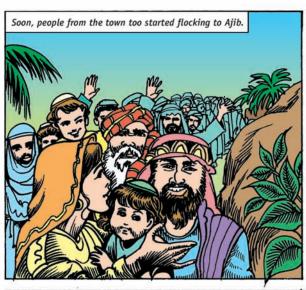
Chloroform became popular as an anaesthetic after Queen Victoria of

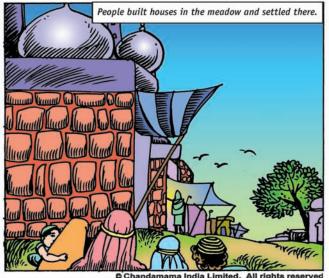
Great Britain used it in 1853 to keep in check her labour pains at childbirth.

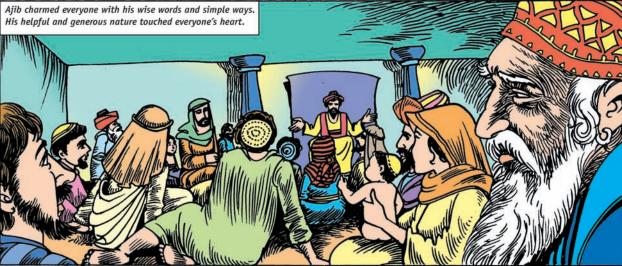
Tall tales

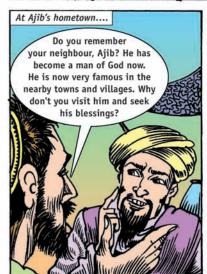
Young men, belonging to some tribes in Malagasy, must pay their fathers for the right to grow taller than them. Not only that, while their fathers are alive, the young men cannot shave.

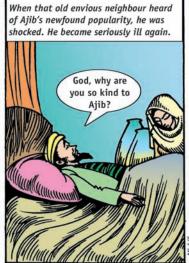




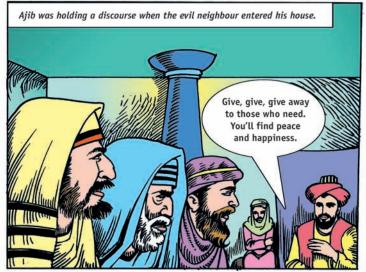


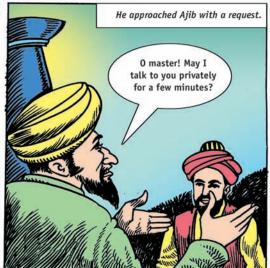


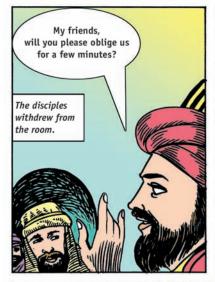












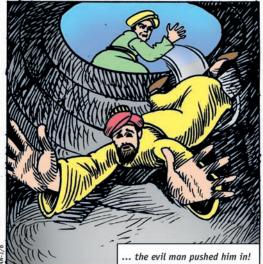


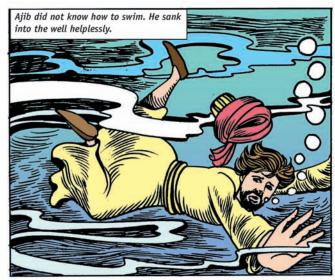


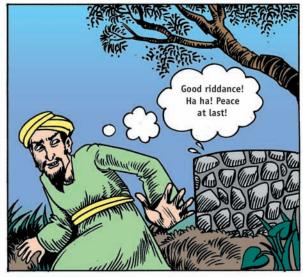


It was evening. The meadow was













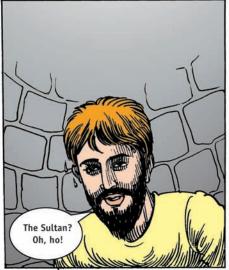


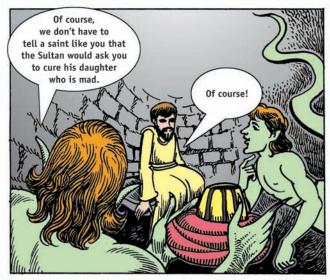


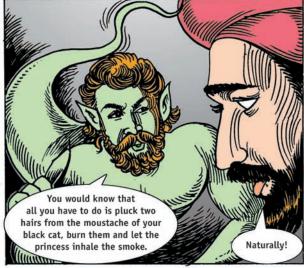


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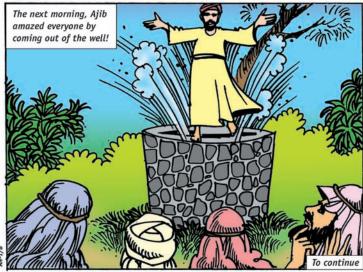












Does Ku-Klux-Klan still exist? Monica Verma, Lucknow

The Ku-Klux-Klan was an underground organisation which was formed in the 1780s in the southern parts of the USA soon after the American War of Independence. The organisation was dedicated to uphold white supremacy, to oppose reconstruction after the Civil War and to deny political rights to the black population.

The members of this organisation wore hooded white robes to hide their identity. They burnt crosses as a symbol. They went about frightening the newly freed slaves,

sometimes indulging in murder and kidnapping.

Laws were passed to suppress the organisation, and Klansmen were imprisoned. However, on their release they were greeted as heroes. In the 1930s, following economic depression, the Klan faded into inaction. However, the KKK raised its head in the 1960s terrorising civil rights activists and organising racist demonstration.

We hear so much about acupuncture these days. How did it originate? Nittoor Mrutyunjaya Rao, Hubli

Acupuncture is a method of medical treatment, which involves insertion of small metal needles into one or some of the 365 spots on the human body. Each of these spots, identified by ancient Chinese doctors, represents a particular function or organ of

the human body. By this way, a heart or liver line can be traced by linking the accurate spots which relate to the particular organ.

Suppose, a patient has some trouble in the eye, the needles will be

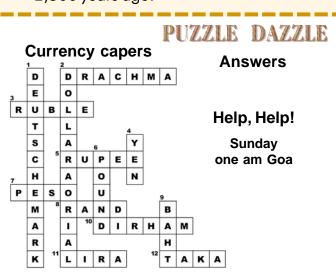
inserted into his eye line, which may not necessarily come anywhere near the affected part.

Incidentally, the needles do not go deep, and do not cause any pain. They need to remain on the body only for 10 minutes at a time. It is conjectured that the needles relieve the nerves causing an ailment. Acupuncture is believed to have originated in China some 2,500 years ago.





- 1) Zebra, Goat, Fox, Ox, Rabbit, Stag, Deer
- 2) The seven differences are Crackers, Tiger's tail, Button on the pocket, Elephant's ear, Elephant's belt, Fox's tongue, Shoelace.
- 3) Flower number six.
- **4)** The animals are Elephant, Lion, Kangaroo, Donkey, Peacock, Duck, Parrot, Rabbit, Goat, Eagle, Fox, Fish, Deer, Crow.





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